

CHADOS



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PRESS OF THE REPUBLICAN

PHOTOS BY PARKER

RENSSELAER, INDIANA



To Mr. J. N. Warren

Superintendent of the Rensselaer Public School
this Volume of Essays
is respectfully dedicated



The Staff

Top Row—Virgil Robinson, Edna Babcock, Alfred Thompson, Nell Parker, Ray LaRue.
Bottom Row—Edwin Robinson, Florence Ryan, John Hemphill.

Editorial

IN editing CHAOS this year, we, the members of the editorial staff, hope that this book may accomplish several things: first, we wish to strengthen the bonds between the pupils and the residents of the town. We hope to do this by making the townspeople acquainted with and interested in the school life; second, we wish to make class spirit as well as school spirit stronger; third, we wish to encourage athletics and other school enterprises; and lastly, we wish to create an indestructible tie between Rensselaer High School and the students, binding them to it forever, so that wherever they may be they will always look back with pleasure to their High School days.

The staff selected to publish the annual this year has been confronted with numerous difficulties, the foremost of which was the need of money. By the cooperation of the students and the residents of this town, with the Staff, the financial troubles we think and sincerely

hope have been removed. We wish to extend our thanks to these individuals for so kindly helping us. On the other hand, we have been greatly helped by the experience gained in publishing last year's CHAOS. Now, having gone through the work of editing a book, we appreciate the difficulties and trials which the former CHAOS Staff experienced and as editors, we wish to extend our utmost gratitude to those who prepared the path for us and made it so very much easier for us to follow.

This volume speaks for the school of this year, showing our athletic teams, literary societies, plays, and various other school enterprises.

We, the Seniors of this year, proudly hope that the present Juniors will take up this work next year and we have labored to make this book a success with that in view. We have attempted to show all phases of school life and prove that High School life is not all work and no fun, but is a mixture of both.



GEORGE A. WILLIAMS
Secretary



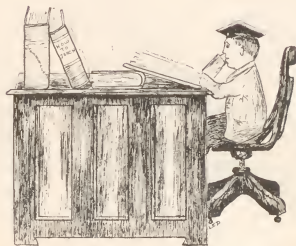
R. A. PARKISON
President



H. J. KANNAL
Treasurer

Board of Education

Faculty





The Faculty

First Row—Carolyn H. Dudley, William Lee, C. R. Dean, C. M. Sharp, Mrs. Nuthall.
Second Row—Adaline H. Barnett, Naomi Gregg, Ethel C. Perkins, Alice E. Thompson.



Senior History

CLASS COLORS: Old Gold and Black

CLASS FLOWER: Black-Eyed Susan

Class Officers

JOHN GROOM	-	-	-	-	President
LOIS MEADER	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
FLORENCE ALLMAN	-	-	-	-	Secretary
JOHN HEMPHILL	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
LOIS MEADER	-	-	-	-	Class Historian

As we, the Class of 1912, first walked through the Wilderness of Knowledge, we lighted on a certain place where was a school house, and we entered therein; and behold, we saw a man of stout countenance sitting at a desk with a book in his hand, and a great frown upon his visage. And, as he saw the little Freshman People were indeed bashful, he did shew us into a seat where we might sit. So it came to pass seventy-one of us were entered upon the school-list as would-be Learners. And we were called by name, "Freshie," by our upper classmates, and we liked it not.

It happened upon a day that the teacher of a science said that he would flunk us if we did indeed partake not of the learning he offered us. So we were sore amazed and troubled and did weep. And those were bitter days. Thus it happened that many did fall by the Wayside,

and did not return to the Temple of Learning. For by lessons we were heavily burdened and some did mire in the Slough of Despond. Yet did our fellowmen oft lift our hearts by kind words, saying, yet a while, till you are Juniors and Seniors; then surely is the cup of happiness full to overflowing.

And so we did think to find better days in the Junior Room. But we were great distressed in mind when we found our burden yet more heavy. Many utterances came to our ears from the worldly-wise who were Seniors and they told of ponies which were easy to ride. Some weaklings did try them, and a teacher of wonderful knowledge in German with a severe countenance did reason with them and shew them wherein their ways were evil ones. And they did fall down at her feet crying, Woe is me, for I am undone! And it was so.

And in proof thereof did that Learned One shew the place in her record where was inscribed a round zero. And truly did the Wayward Ones abhor round zeros!

And so the last days of the third year came. They were days of merry-making indeed. And the Juniors were sore-tried when they must needs feel deep in their bags of treasure for wherewith to pay the fiddlers!

Then at last entered we upon the last year. Our number had diminished sadly, and now only thirty-six returned to plod their weary way through the last year. There was Charity, of good repute, and with her also came Pliable, Piety and Prudence; Faithful and Sincere went on their way together; then also there was Worldly, Formalist, High-mind, and Hopeful as well as Lady Feigning's daughter and Help. Faint-heart and Little Faith were very good friends but they learned a very little in some studies. Heady and Knowledge knew all exceeding well, and never did forget. At one time was Knowledge the chosen president of his class. Experience could do all manner of wonderful things in foot-ball. Moreover, his discourse in class was full of wise sayings, and his words were well chosen. There were many other pilgrims, but their names ill-fit them and so they shall not be recorded here. Nevertheless one of great importance shall be mentioned, for in all manner of things which she undertook, she did right well. Talkative, this was, who was wont to tarry in the hallways. Least she was in stature, but surely not in talents.

There were many new advisors to help us along on our journey in the fourth year. And one, the great Interpreter of difficult things, did invite us into his House, and we did enter in gladly at the Chemistry Lab door. And we found many marvels lying thereabout on tables and in boxes. Surely was our learning increased an hundredfold by the Sharp sayings of the wise Inter-

preter. Indeed was this House a place much beloved, and more by some than by others.

We did learn of a different tongue, and for this learning we were exceedingly grateful to Good-Will, who liveth mostly in the Junior Room, and laughs with her brown eyes at the Stupid Ones. And truly, these are great in number.

Indeed, one burden was most loathsome, though the Giver of it did much to lighten its great weight. We learned from her, of figures and symbols, and, forsooth, we learned therefrom of Patience, and 'twas good for the soul!

So we turned not aside from our way. We oft did think of the Place whence we came, the freshman room, but with much shame and detestation. Then the last weeks passed by, and a great happiness seized us withal. And there were feastings and merry-makings by night. One eve we did sit down to meat in a great hall. Now the table was furnished with fat things and with wine that was well-refined. And all their talk at the tables was about our great journey through the Wilderness of Learning, and of the great glory to which we were so near, and which they, the alumni, had passed.

And upon a day it was, we were part clothed in white raiment, and a smaller part in black, and we did sit before the multitudes in a temple. We did all feel sorrowful that we had reached the End, albeit, we were glad our struggles were o'er. The people called it Commencement.

But who can tell how joyful were the Seniors, when that they had got a roll, a single parchment of much worth to them! They did clasp it with glad hands! And they knew it was the Last Hour. And Ending, and yet, a Beginning! And a tear did creep gently down. And they saw it was not a Dream!

LOIS MEADER.



MISS ADALINE H. BARNETT

Session Room Teacher

JOHN GROOM

"Forsothe he was a worthy man with alle."

Class president.
A modest son of Pythagoras.
Loves a (C) lark.

LOIS MEADER

"She has a lean and hungry look."

Suffragette, with hopes of the presidency.
Already vice-president of the Senior Class
and Class Historian.



RUTH PARKISON

"Modest and shy as a nun is she."

"Hanley's favorite, Miss Barnett's pet;
Very fine dancer, with dances to let."

COPE HANLEY

"Curteys he was, lowly and servisable."

The "average man" in most things
—a specialist in football, music, and dramatics.

VIRGIL ROBINSON

"Wonderly deliver and greet of strength."

"Buck" is our "all round" man.
He plays football, is captain of the basketball team, and edits Literary Department of Chaos. Withal, a bit of a philosopher.

ETHEL DAVIS

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
And twilight too, her dusky hair."

S'nger of some ability.
Loves to have her picture taken.



GLADYS PIERCE

"She'd scatter her smiles as much
as might be."

Better known as "Charity."

CHARLES HARRIS

"He was always in a class of his
own."

His hair was light,
And his eyes were blue;
Says he to Rose,
I'm from Mt. Ayr, too.

HERBERT HAMMOND

"The mind's the stature of the
man."

Short and freckled, to the disgust
of the German teacher.
He makes an awful noise in class
meetings.

ANGELA KOHLOFF

"Down in a green and shady dell,
a modest violet grew."



EDNA ROBINSON

"O marvellously modest maiden,
you!"

"Wiry," is quiet, but she is a star
basketball player and a good dancer.

MAURINE TUTEUR

"Let us enjoy pleasure while we
may."

Proud of her race and a good fellow.
'She treats us all alike.'—Paul.

ROSE KEENEY

"Du bist wie eine Blume."

She lived secluded in her Mt. Ayr
home.
Till one day they tore her away
And carried her far in an automobile
To the schoolhouse over R—way.

HAZEL WEBBER

"I will not budge for anyone."

Wears glasses and is shrewd.
Feels lonesome since Bradshaw
left: no one to quarrel with.



NELL SAWIN

"Of all the girls that are so smart,
there's none like pretty Nelly."

EDWARD PARKISON

"A manly man to been an abbot
able."

"Only the brave deserves the fair."
He was the real "Private Secretary"
in the High School Play and made a hit as funny man.

JOE REEVE

"He has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much."

Is it be(Reeve)ment or just his
studious nature that gives his eyes
that soulful light?

ESTHER PADGITT

"I came not here to talk."

Did anyone ever see or hear her
sing? "W'all, ah saw 'er make a
noise onct."



GRACE WAYMIRE

"I hear, yet say not much."

Good student, with common sense.
Would make a model housekeeper.

JENNIE COMER

"A serious soul looks from those
earnest eyes."

BERNICE RHODES

"And secret laughter tickled all
my soul."

MAE CLARK

"Gentlest of mien and mind."



FLORENCE ALLMAN

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

Has musical and literary talents, but sleeps when playing cards.

"Stiffy" has taken the place of "Pidgy" in her affections.

JOHN HEMPHILL

"Ful big he was of braun and eke of bones."

"Stiffy" is captain of the football team, and is also a basketball player of repute. Excels in his ability to write. Plays the part of the dignified country gentleman in the High School play.

ALFRED THOMPSON

"A student there was"—
"Numquam non parabaim."

Our Editor-in-Chief.

EDNA BABCOCK

"A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the cuckoo bird."

If you find anything funny in Chaos, blame Edna.



IN MEMORIAM

MISS CORA E. MEESE

BORN DECEMBER 25, 1891

DIED OCTOBER 23, 1911

AGE 19 YEARS, 9 MONTHS, 28 DAYS



JUNIORS

Junior History

CLASS COLORS: Red and White

CLASS FLOWERS: Red and White Carnations

Class Officers

THOMAS PADGITT	-	-	-	-	President
NELL PARKER	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
LEE ADAMS	-	-	-	-	Secretary
RAY LARUE	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
AILEEN ALLMAN	-	-	-	-	Class Historian

Three years in Rensselaer High School and the Junior Class attained! What a wondrous unfolding of the bud into the blossom! What a passing from the quavering query, "Is this the Algeberry Class?" to the sonorous reverberations of classic Cicero's orations and the mystic wonders of Solid Geometry!

It is a brilliant career that we look back upon, quite like the tail of a comet trailing behind us. And like the comet, we carried destruction—to our enemies on the football field and the chairs in the biology lab.

As Freshmen we started out with forty-seven members, and now number twenty-nine. We count as one of our greatest achievements the fact that we have succeeded in towing Howard Clark into the Junior Class.

Lucy Healy was elected president and, after choosing our colors, we promptly displayed a banner of red and white on the water tower.

Even as Freshmen our class was represented in athletics, five of our members having played football.

Among the pleasantest recollections of this first year are the trips we made in the interest of science—and other things.

We entered on our Sophomore year with renewed energy and several new pupils. Florence Ryan was given the task of guiding our political and domestic affairs, and the duty of presiding at a so-called class meeting was a stormy one. We had not yet learned the art of adjourning.

This year we had again been foremost in athletics, six of our members having played football and five basketball. We are proud of the fact that our class has always stood first in percentage of members in the Athletic Association.

The social event of the year has been the Senior Re-

ception, which was given in our honor on St. Valentine's Eve and was a very hearty affair.

The closing days of the year will be spent as Junior classes before us have spent them—in collecting the dues for the Junior Reception.

AILEEN ALLMAN '13.

If you talk about school spirit
With good results as is the rule
Think of what '13 has done
For the honor of the school.

In football '13's men have starred
And have made full many a goal
Think about what this has done
For the honor of the school.

In basket ball vict'ry was ours,
Won by '13's veterans cool
Don't you think that this has added
To the honor of the school?

In baseball '13 o'ercame all
O'er the enemies' eyes they pulled the wool
All this and more '13 has done
For the honor of the school.

Athletics have again been saved
As has always been the rule
By '13's steady shelling out
For the honor of the school.

But in studies too, they do surpass
In all the class there is no fool,
The '13 class ahead of all
Has added honor to the school.

WM. BABCOCK.

Class Roll

Aileen Allman
Lee Adams
William Babcock
Stanilas Brusnahan
Mary Childers
Ethel Clarke
Howard Clark
Marie Comer

Josie Dexter
Roy Gish
Fred Hamilton
Lucy Healy
Gerald Hollingsworth
Margaret Hurley
Elizabeth Kahler
Blanche Kessinger
Minnie Kessinger

Ray LaRue
Cora Meese*
Ernest Moore
Edson Murray
Jay Nowels
Thomas Padgitt
Loyd Parks
Nelle Parker
Leslie Pollard

Charles Porter
Ruth Pruett
Martha Ramp
Edwin Robinson
Florence Ryan
Albert Sage
Anna Stocksiek
Simon Thompson

*Deceased



Sophomore History

CLASS COLORS: Light Blue and Maroon

CLASS FLOWER: Dark Red Rose

Class Officers

RANSOM SAWIN	-	-	-	-	-	President
MARY GOWLAND	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
MARJORIE LOUGHBRIDGE	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
MARIAN PARKER	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
LURA HALLECK	-	-	-	-	-	Class Historian

The Class of 1914, from the first, has had the reputation of being the brightest, (?) most orderly (?) class that ever passed through High School. During the time we were "those little Eighth-Graders," and Freshmen, probably no one realized our own importance quite so much as we did ourselves. Oh! the secret mysteries of those first class meetings, when Paul Miller, President, deported himself so ably; the times of unconcealed pride when the Freshman Maroon and Blue Flag floated proudly upon the water tower. Latin, Algebra, and English, we accepted indifferently, as mere side issues of High School life.

As Sophomores, our dignity and calm demeanor were unsurpassed. We looked with half disdainful

amusement upon the antics of the Freshmen. Our class was well represented in athletics, having four members in the football team, and one in the basketball team.

We pass with haste over the memorable time when Principal Dean kept us in after school to praise (?) us for our excellent (?) behavior in the classroom, to dwell upon our initiation to debating, which caused disastrous consequences on all concerned.

Now we are looking forward with dread to the final "exams," which are coming fast, but point with pride to the month on the calendar when we shall enter the old High School building, staid and tried Juniors!

LURA HALLECK.



SOPHOMORES

Class Roll

Amy Bringle
Cora Bruner
Elvin Bussell
Gladys Coen
Gertrude Faylor
Harold Fidler
Ernest Garriott
Neva Garriott
Ethel Grant
Albert Greenlee
Kenneth Groom
Mary Gowland
Lura Halleck
Emil Hanley

George Healey
Marie Heckaman
Edward Honan
Florence Jacks
Ralph Lakin
Gaylord Long
Marjorie Loughridge
Isabel Martin
Paul Miller
John Moore
Worth McCarthy
Pearl McConahay
George Padgitt
Marian Parker

Edna Price
Will Price
Fred Putts
Hazel Reeve
Ransom Sawin
Emily Thompson
Beatrice Tilton
Ferne Tilton
James Warner
Lorene Warren
Catherine Watson
Laban Wilcox
John Worland
Noble York



FRESHMAN

Class History

CLASS COLORS: Brown and Yellow

CLASS FLOWER: Goldenrod

Class Officers

JANE PARKISON	-	-	-	-	President
ERNEST BEAVER	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
EDITH SAWIN	-	-	-	-	Secretary
JAMES BARCOCK	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
EDITH SAWIN	-	-	-	-	Class Historian

Should you ask me whence these Freshmen?
 Whence these Freshmen with their luggage
 With their luggage and their school-books
 With their sweet unspoiled expressions
 And their frequent exclamations
 And their joyful expectations?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 "From the corners of the county
 From the center of the townships
 From their protected homes they came;
 Came to drink the wine of knowledge."
 So the Freshmen came to High School.
 They knew not the rules of High School
 Those Wondrous rules which bringeth knowledge
 Nor did they know or find their class-rooms
 Where their classes were reciting;

But they wandered in the hallways
 In their helpless indecision
 And in the dreaded assembly
 All the Freshmen sat and quivered,
 For around them were the Sophomores
 All the Sophomores and the Juniors
 All the Juniors and the Seniors.
 There the Sophomores looked and giggled
 At the quivering bunch of Freshmen;
 In the same old High School building,
 And the Juniors smiled upon them
 In a condescending manner;
 But the Seniors only snubbed them.
 Then the meek, submissive Freshmen,
 I learned to step aside unnoticed,
 That the Seniors grand and stately



FRESHMEN

Might not snub them as before,
After days of meek submission
They forgot about their scornings
And returned with consolation
To the toils of much hard study,
Dear to all beginning Freshmen
Is the "lab" in which they study
All the birds and beasts of nature
All their markings and their habits
And enjoy it all immensely.
But when they were sent to capture
All the insects of the forest
Of the forests and the road-side
Of the road-side and the meadow,
Then they groaned with cries of horror
O'er the task which was before them.
But the teacher stern and mighty
With a threatening look and gesture,
Marked so very many zeros
That the Freshmen were alarmed
And decided to go hunting
For the insects in the country.
Thus the eager active freshmen
With their nets and jars were laden;
And they started to the forest
When the sun came up at dawning
In one bunch they started hunting
But ere long they were all scattered
And in several bunches wandered
In the solitary forest.
Then their hearts within them fluttered
Trembled like the leaves above them
Lest some snake or other monster
Might be hiding in their pathway.
All day long they gathered insects,
Each eating of the food he carried
When the noon-hour came upon them,

But they then resumed their searching
For the butterflies of nature,
And were finished when the sunset
Shown upon the tired and hungry.
Soon each Freshman found his comrades
When the search had been completed,
Thus they started toward their lodgings,
But they found one Freshman missing!
Then with cries and shouts excited
Loud they called unto the Freshman;
But when no answer shook the forest
They began to search in sorrow.
So some boys went thru the meadow
Thru the meadow to the forest,
There they found him gazing upward
Toward some birds which were above him
And with longing murmuring slowly,
"O! ye Robins! O! my brothers!
Would, that you could share my glory!
Would, that you could see my captive!"
But the boys in loud derision
Laughed until the echoing forests
Rang with their unseemly laughter,
For they saw his whole collection
Was a small and lonely locust!
All the wise in plant lore also
Sought in vain for rarer species
Of the wild-rose in the forest.
But they also searched the meadows
For the lilies of the prairie.
Oft they strayed into the forest
Watching for the glorious sunset
Till the darkness fell around them.
Though the Freshmen spent their play-hours
Hunting for the gems of Nature,
In their periods left for study
Science entered not their schedule,

For they learned their other lessons.
Some took Latin, some took German
To develop power of thinking.
But those big vocabularies!
And the difficult constructions!
How the Freshmen sweat and labored
To prepare just one day's lesson,
Which when finished found another
Quite as big and quite as endless.
After this came mathematics
With complex problems long and hard;
But the energetic Freshmen
Worked them all so very quickly
That the teachers in amazement
Duly praised them for their effort.
All the Freshmen liked their English,
Liked to learn and quote from Shakespeare,
Making all of those about them
Think that they were wondrous wise-heads.
Here they learned to be original
Learned to state their own opinions,
And to reason out their lessons.
Once the teacher asked the pupil
To explain the moral lesson
In the book of Silas Marner.
For a moment he stood thinking;
Thinking of that wondrous lesson.
Then he looked up toward the teacher,
Smiled and gave the answer to her.
"This book is a good example,
Of a man who lived a bachelor,
And I think the lesson in it
Is, 'Do not live a bachelor'
For the way is full of troubles."
Thus this Freshman learned to profit
By experience of his elders.
Once the whole class met in council

Elected all their chieftains
And with laughter and debating
And prepared to have a pow-wow,
On a night in glorious autumn
To the pow-wow went the Freshmen
There they found a place of splendor
'Neath the oak-trees rose the wigwam
Rose the wigwam of the Kannals.
Round about it in a circle,
Partly hidden by the shadows
Stood the enemies of Freshmen.
With their tomahawks and scissiors
With the shriek of fearful war-cries
Out they leaped upon the Freshmen,
On the small and shrinking Freshmen.
Then with cries of fearful loudness
They began the work of ages
And so cleverly they did it,
That the Freshmen cried in sorrow.
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
O! that I were strong and clever!
O! that I were strong as thou are!
Then would I avenge my class-mates
And regain my scalp so perfect!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
When the Freshmen were consoled
By the grave repentant Seniors,
Then they dried their tear-stained eye-lids,
Dried them on their party 'kerchiefs,
And returned their thoughts to pleasure.
All the teachers and the pupils,
There they heard a voice resounding
Which resounded at their entrance.
And the voice was loud and cheerful
For it called them all to pleasures
To the pleasures of the party.
Much it sounded like a chieftain

Calling to his brazen warriors;
And the Freshmen like the warriors
Hearkened to this cry most gladly.
To the parlor and the hallway
Rushed the Freshmen in confusion.
There they found the white-robed chieftain
Found the chief of entertaining.
She who called them all together
To deliver them the program;
And the number first upon it
Was to play a game of Whiz.
When a few, the chosen number
Went about the circle quickly
Whispering to each anxious Freshman
What to do when he was bidden;
Then the Freshmen in confusion
Rushed around to obey orders.
As a body, moved the Freshmen
And all save one was in that body.
All alone he stood and pondered
Stood quite still as if resolving,
Then someone pinched him fiercely
Quick he moved with eager action
And assailing his opponent
"Did as he would have been done by." (?)
Thru this clamor went a murmur
Went a sound, a cry of horror;
And the pained with cries of anguish
With their cries of lamentation,
Sought to ratify the verdict
By requesting each oppressor;
But the loud voice of the chieftain
Called them back to peace and order
And they smoked the peace-pipe quickly
That they might be friends forever.
When the clamor had subsided
Then the chieftain passed some papers

And some hints she passed round with them
That the Freshmen might guess wisely
All the answers to the questions.
This they did with wondrous quickness
And demanded of the chieftain
That the prize be given straight-way.
So the chieftain gave the prizes
Gave the prizes to the lucky.
Florence Chaffin got the first one
Which was found to be a pennant.
Mr. Lee received the booby
And at this a shout went upward
For the Freshmen crowded round him
While unwinding his possession.
In the midst of paper wrappings
Was a monkey small and homely
And it greeted it's possessor
With a start, both cold and haughty.
But when gusty laughter sounded
It relaxed and smiled up at him.
Thus the two were close united
By the laws of natural science
And they soon were locked in friendship,
For the one did love the other.
Soon another game was started
And the prizes of this contest
Were also given by the chieftain
A small picture was the first one
And was given to Gertrude Kannal.
A small Billikin was the booby
And its laughing cunning manners
Were bestowed on Mr. Dean.
Soon the tired and hungry Freshmen
Laughed in glee at what was coming
For the odors of refreshment
Came unto them from the kitchen
And the waiters brought the goodies,

Which were ice-cream, cake, and candy.
Brown and orange was the ice-cream
And these colors were suspended
From the corners of the parlor,
And at this the Freshmen giggled,
Proud that they could have class-colors!
But when all were served by waiters
Then their musings were disturbed
So the Freshmen fell to eating,
And some greedy boys ate swiftly
Thinking that some more was coming
To these insatiate Freshmen.
But they learned with cries of sorrow
That their share had once been given
And would ne'er come back unto them.
Soon the teachers left them weeping;
Weeping o'er their monstrous hunger;
But again they dried their eyelids
And with bashfulness declared
"I enjoyed myself immensely."
And at ten o'clock departed.
Two days after in the schoolroom
Was a meeting held by Freshmen.
For in loud tones called the merchants
For the dues the Freshmen owed them.
With grave countenances and whispers
All the Freshmen met in council,
And with sorrow gave their wampum
To be paid for their past pleasures,
But they soon forgot their sorrow
And remembered only pleasure
That they might review their lessons
For exams, in the near future.

"Ponies" none had these wise Freshmen
"Ponies" none they had or needed;
For their thots as "ponies" served them
And with efforts strong and earnest
Made them pass examinations
And enjoy their short vacations
Both at Christmas and at spring-time.
Thus the second term kept going
With excitements dim and petty
Till the spring-time came upon them
Making birds come from the south-ward
And the flowers creep thru the surface.
One small Freshmen in the country
When he heard the owls at mid-night
Hooting, laughing in the forest
Sat bold upright, still and trembling.
"What is that?" he cried in terror.
"What it that?" he said, "my mother!"
But his mother only mocked him
Till ashamed of his poor knowledge
He began to watch and study
For the birds in nature's garden.
There he found the botany students
Studying with their books and manuals,
Till they learned to tell by eye-sight
A pansy flower from small sweet-pea.
Thus the knowledge came upon them
Till they fairly glowed with wisdom.
And we leave them still progressing
To be Sophomores in the future
In the school of the hereafter.

EDITH SAWIN, '15.

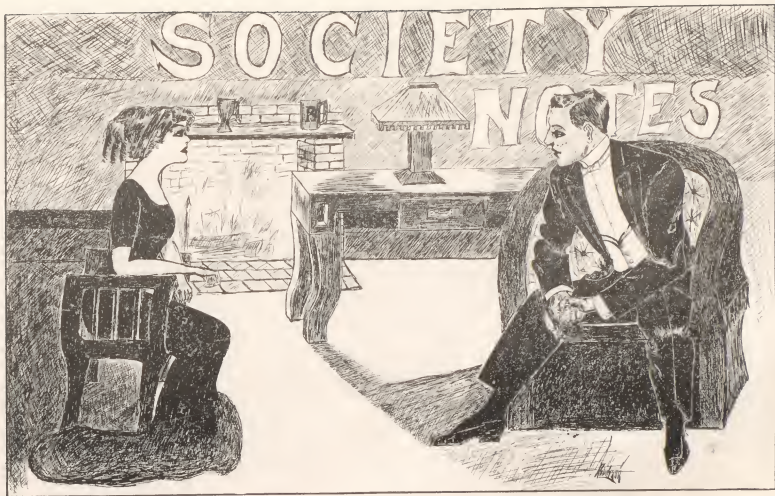
Class Roll

Goldie Akers
James Babcock
Marie Barkley
Ernest Beaver
Lucy Brusnahan
Glen Burns
Florence Chaffin
Eva Coen
Guy Crowder
Alice Daniels
William Eigelsbach
Pearl Eisele
Harry English
Ray Fidler
Ethel Fisher
Orphia Gant
Marie Hamilton

Frank Hitchcock
Victor Hoover
John Horton
Agnes Howe
Ada Huff
Ira Hurley
Vilas Jacks
Madeline Kellner
Marie Kepner
Ora King
Helen Kessinger
Elizabeth Kirk
Mary Knouff
Arthur Kresel
Archie Lee
Cecil Lee
Kenneth McClanahan

Bessie McCurtain
Doris Morlan
Marie Nevill
Paul Norman
Blanch Ott
Mars Ott
Jane Parkison
Paul Parkison
Gladys Peters
Harvey Phillips
Henry Platt
Robert Platt
Opal Pollard
Manley Price
Joseph Putts
Fred Rhoades
Luella Robinson

Bessie Rutherford
Edith Sawin
Floyd Schwankee
Owen Simons
Ora Velma Spriggs
Mabel Stocksick
Glen Swaim
Russell VanArsdell
Her Walker
Russell Warren
Annabell Wartena
Marie Wasson
Vera Ann West
Esther Wiseman
Helen Worland
Paul Worland
Ione Zimmerman



Webster Literary Club

Officers

FLORENCE ALLMAN	-	-	-	-	President
JOHN HEMPHILL	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
NELLE PARKER	-	-	-	-	Secretary
NELLE SAWIN	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
LURA HALLECK	-	President of Program Committee			
JOHN GROOM	-	-	-	-	Sergeant-at-Arms

Fifty-four members of the High School met in the assembly room on Dec. 15, 1911, for the purpose of organizing a literary club. The officers were selected and committees appointed to draw up the constitution and select a suitable name for the society.

The first program was given at the Methodist Church on Wednesday, Jan. 17. The Webster Literary Club was chosen as the name. The constitution was read by Maurine Tutenr, a member of the society. It was then voted upon and adopted by the club. After the business was over a very interesting program was given by the members of this society combined with those of the Lincoln Society, which is discussed elsewhere. The entertainment, which was mostly musical, consisted of biographies of Schubert and Mendelssohn and production of the two musicians' works. Mr. Harper, who had been

selected critic for the occasion, gave several helpful hints to the society. The meeting then adjourned.

On February 21, the society met in the Presbyterian Church. After the roll call and readings of the minutes of previous meetings, a short but interesting and appropriate program followed. It consisted of recitations, compositions, songs, etc., pertaining to Washington. A debate—Resolved that Washington did more for his country than Lincoln—was a feature of this entertainment. Simon Thompson led the affirmative, John Groom the negative. Many good points were scored for each side. The judges' decision was in favor of the affirmative. The critic was Miss Carolyn Dudley.

The meetings of this society will be held about once a month in one of the churches until the close of the school term.



WEBSTER LITERARY CLUB MEMBERS

Lincoln Literary Club

Officers

EDNA BABCOCK	-	-	-	-	President
PAUL MILLER	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
ESTHER PADGITT	-	-	-	-	Secretary
ALFRED THOMPSON	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
AILEEN ALLMAN	-	President of Program Committee			
CHARLES HARRIS	-	-	-	-	Sergeant-at-Arms

The members of this club held their first meeting in room VI of the High School, December 24, 1911. The officers of the club were elected and committees chosen for framing a constitution and deciding upon a name. The name chosen by this committee was The Lincoln Literary Club.

The first program was a musical given jointly by the members of this club and those of the Webster. It was held in the Methodist Church, January 17. Details of this meeting are given in the account of the first program of the Webster Club.

The club next met in the Christian Church on February 8, and an interesting program concerning the life and works of Lincoln was given. Compositions were read, ranging in subject from his childhood to his trials in the Civil War. Mrs. Dean acted as critic and gave several needful hints to the club at the close of the program.

One of the most interesting and beneficial meetings of the two clubs was held March 20, in the Methodist Church when a mock Republican convention took place. The number of delegates represented by the school numbered about one-fifth the number at an actual convention. The 8th grade and teachers, with the High School, participated in this and each state in the Union was repre-

sented by one-fifth its real number of delegates. Each chairman carried a banner with the name of his state and popular man inscribed in bold letters, such as "New York—Roosevelt for us—We want good times," "Arkansas—Beveridge for us—No dry state." California waved a banner with the inscription, "We want Woman Suffrage," Pennsylvania, "Votes for Taft," and the Dakota, "LaFollette for us."

The proceedings of the convention were carried on almost precisely as those of a national one, and students representing different states favored the assembly with eloquent speeches showing the good characteristics of their men.

The first ballot decided that the race would be between Roosevelt and Taft and on the second ballot Mr. Taft was nominated. A motion was made and carried that Mr. Taft be given the unanimous vote of the convention. The convention proved to be very instructive as well as interesting and entertaining to the students.

A debate on Woman Suffrage between the two clubs was a feature of the next meeting on April 24. The last number given was a musical in which both clubs took part.

The programs have been very helpful throughout and the students have shown a deep interest.



LINCOLN LITERARY CLUB MEMBERS

Society Notes

The Freshman class party, which was the first social function of the season, was held at the home of Dr. Kan-nal. Although some of the boys looked like half-shorn sheep for a few days, all thoroughly enjoyed the evening. The details are given in the class history.

The Sophomores held their annual class party November 7, at the home of George Healey, the out-of-school guests being Mrs. Lee and Ruth Harper, assistant sewing instructor.

The rooms were prettily decorated in the class colors, and the entertainment was left entirely to those present, a number of interesting games being played. At about ten-thirty, refreshments were served, consisting of scalloped oysters, pickles and olives, ice-cream and cake. Not long after the party broke up, some of the boys leaving unceremoniously through the back door to avoid the hair-clippers, patiently waiting for them.

The annual reception, which Seniors give to Juniors, occurred this year on St. Valentine's Day, and was held at the home of Alfred Thompson, a member of the Senior class.

Of course, being the guests of honor, the Juniors were arrayed in their very best and quite outshone the Seniors, but then they expected to return the compliment at the Junior reception. The rooms were decorated very prettily, one in the Junior colors and another in the Senior colors. Red and white ribbons led from one center to different parts of the room, and on the end of each was a part of a heart, which matched another heart; it was an interesting way to obtain partners for refreshments, at least the boys found it so, for there was a much larger number of girls than boys.

One game provided was quite novel and proved very entertaining. Big red hearts of cardboard were passed around. Each was decorated with a picture which was meant to suggest the most noticeable characteristic of some member of the two classes, and a little sketch of that person was to be written. Some were in verse and some in prose. All that were legible were read aloud, and all had a good laugh at the expense of each fellow in turn.

The Juniors were very kind and declared it had been the most enjoyable Senior reception they had ever attended!

Lincoln Literary Club Members

Worth McCarthy
George Padgitt
Edna Price
Fred Putts
Ransom Sawin
Beatrice Tilton
Emily Thompson
Catherine Watson
Lorene Warren
John Worland
Aileen Allman
William Babcock
Mary Childers
Howard Clark
Roy Gish
Lucy Healy
Elizabeth Kahler
Minnie Kessinger
Ernest Moore
Thomas Padgitt

Edson Murray
Leslie Pollard
Martha Ramp
Florence Ryan
Edna Babcock
Jennie Comer
Herbert Hammond
Charles Harris
Rose Keeney
Ethel Davis
Esther Padgitt
Edward Parkison
Ruth Parkison
Anna Stocksiek
Joe Reeve
Edna Robinson
Alfred Thompson
Hazel Webber
Marie Barkley
Lucy Brunsahan

Eva Coen
Alice Daniels
Pearl Eisele
Harry English
Ray Fidler
Orphia Gant
Victor Hoover
Ada Huff
Vilas Jacks
Marie Kepner
Helen Kessinger
Archie Lee
Kenneth McClanahan
Marie Nevill
Blanche Ott
Jane Parkison
Gladys Peters
Henry Platt
Opal Pollard
Joe Putts

Luella Robinson
Edith Sawin
Owen Simons
Glen Swain
Iler Walker
Annabel Wartena
Esther Wiseman
Paul Worland
Vera Ann West
Amy Bringle
Harold Fidler
Neva Garriott
Albert Greenlee
Mary Gowland
Emil Hanley
Marie Heckaman
Ralph Lakin
Marjorie Loughridge
Paul Miller

Webster Literary Club Members

James Babcock
Ernest Beaver
Florence Chaffin
Guy Crowder
William Eigelsbach
Ethel Fisher
Marie Hamilton
Agnes Howe
Ira Hurley
Madeline Kellner
Ora King
Mary Knouff
Cecil Lee
Doris Morlan
Paul Norman
Mars Ott
Paul Parkison
Harvey Phillips
Robert Platt
Manley Price

Fred Rhoades
Dessie Rutherford
Floyd Schwankee
Mabel Stocksick
Russell VanArsdel
Russell Warren
Helen Worland
Lone Zimmerman
Cora Bruner
Gertrude Fayler
Ernest Garriott
Ethel Grant
Kenneth Groom
Lura Halleck
George Halleck
George Healey
Florence Jacks
Gaylord Long
Isabel Martin
John Moore

Pearl McConahay
Marian Parker
Will Price
Hazel Reeve
Gladys Coen
Ferne Tilton
James Warner
Lorene Warren
Laban Wilcox
Noble York
Lee Adams
Stanilas Brusnahan
Ethel Clarke
Josie Dexter
Fred Hamilton
Margaret Hurley
Blanche Kessinger
Ray LaRue
Elizabeth Kahler
Nelle Parker

Charles Porter
Edwin Robinson
Albert Sage
Simon Thompson
Florence Allman
Mae Clarke
John Groom
Cope Hanley
John Hemphill
Angela Kolhoff
Lois Meader
Nelle Sawin
Gladys Pierce
Bernice Rhoads
John Shesler
Grace Waymire
Maurine Tuteur
Virgil Robinson
Edward Honan
Gerald Hollingsworth

Literary



The Man and the Parrot

The train had stopped again! It had stopped many times before on this tiresome mountain road. The passengers looked languidly at the familiar shack depot, closed summer cottages and the few stores. It was very cold and gray outside and the passengers turned from the bleak landscape. They turned to it again, however, at the sound of a deep, gruff voice, which issued from a form on the platform. It was wrapped in a great fur cap pulled tight over the ears, and a face so hidden by a bright red muffler that only the nose and eyes could be seen. There was plenty of the nose and the blue eyes were set rather deep below bushy, grey eyebrows.

"Don't forget the hens," the voice called from the depths of the muffler.

"No," a shrill voice answered from the wagon, "and don't you let Billy freeze."

"No. Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye. Go along Dobbin," and without more ado she drove away.

The man gathered up a large bundle, some boxes and a bird cage which contained a parrot that he was taking to his daughter, and boarded the train. He de-

posited his cage on the seat and put his bundles in the rack. Turning to the man across the aisle and beginning to unwind his muffler, he said, "Marthy 'lowed as how I might get cold so she sewed two of these blame things together."

Having mastered the muffler he sat down and took off his overshoes.

"Now, stranger," he said, "If you will help me off with these overcoats. Marthy, she 'lowed I better wear two."

The curiosity and interest of the passengers was aroused. Even the tired mother with the four children smiled. One of the children came forward and pointed a stubby forefinger at the bird cage.

"What's in there?" he demanded.

"Why, that's Billy," the man answered.

"No, it's not!" the child cried, "That's Billy back with mother. That's him eating a banana. That was my banana, but I gave it to him."

The man gave a hearty laugh and answered, "That's Billy, my parrot. Do you want to see him?"

"Sure!" the child answered, "Come on, kids, the

man's got a parrot." The other three came running, Billy bringing up the rear with the banana.

The man uncovered the cage and immediately a bright yellow and green bird demanded a cracker. "Give him your banana, Billy," the older brother commanded.

"Nope," said Billy, backing off, and cramming the remainder into his mouth. Parrots were not so interesting if one must give them his last banana. The parrot and the man kept the children interested all afternoon. About dark the train stopped again. For an hour the man amused the children and the passengers.

"I'm hungry," Jimmy said.

"So'm I," agreed the others.

They trooped back to their own seat and were quieted with a sandwich. Very soon after telling the parrot goodnight, they were fast asleep. Still the train did not move. At last a porter came and told them that they were snowbound. Here indeed was trouble. They had dropped the dining-car soon after entering the mountains, and had expected to take one up, farther up the road. They had had no dinner nor supper and the chances for breakfast were very slim. The children woke up and Billy voiced their sentiment by demanding, "Somepin' to eat."

They would not be quieted by the assurance that

breakfast was coming. Billy declared. "We can't get there pretty soon, for we're just standing still; how'll we ever get there standing still?"

There was no breakfast and about noon Billy raised an unearthly wail, demanding "somepin' to eat." The man and the parrot now held no attraction for them, but suddenly the man became the center of breathless interest. From various boxes he was producing the most wonderful things to eat. Then he came bringing fried chicken, doughnuts, bread and butter and ever so many good things.

"I never thought about you being hungry," he said. "Marthy said as how I wasn't to eat anything on the train because it wasn't healthful. I suppose the rest are hungry too. Well, there's plenty. Fall to! Marthy cooked these things for my daughter up at Holden, but I guess she'd just as soon you'd have them. She always was great for children and for feeding all the tramps that came along." Not minding the comparison they "fell to" and Marthy was in imminent danger of becoming famous. While they were eating the train began to move slowly.

"It never rains but it pours," remarked one of the passengers solemnly.

AGNES HOWE, '15.



A Midnight Experience

Some have deemed me mad, others have tho't me crazed by my misfortunes, but if anyone should unfortunately fall into the same circumstances into which I foolishly placed myself one cold December night, assuredly that one would understand me and sympathize with me. Of this terrible event, which was one to make the most staunch of hearts stand still as if frozen in terror and which suddenly streaked my hair with gray, I can hardly force myself to write without experiencing some of those pangs which seemed to grip my very heart until it seemed as tho' they would tear it from my breast.

Even as I now write I can feel myself in those terrible surroundings.

One night as it neared the hour of twelve I crept down the alley leading to the rear of the water tower, which supplies our city with water and which rears itself two hundred feet above the surrounding country.

The occasion of this secret visit was with the deliberate intention of scaling this huge iron monster and placing one of the class (1912) flags on the extreme top of the flag pole which ornamented this gigantic structure. I had never been more than sixty feet from Mother Earth and that was on a small wind mill.

Imagine the strength of the current of my blood as I reached the second round of the water tower, which placed me over a hundred feet higher than I ought to have been! Still I climbed on, fearing to look below for fear of growing dizzy. At last I reached the landing near the top and ventured to look down.

The strangeness of the scene was of rare magnificence. The houses were invisible, only the electric lights glared at me, and were in strange contrast to the stars above me. I experienced an airy feeling of exultation. I was near the top and would have dared to scale another hundred feet or so. I seemed to be in a solitude of nature, all alone except for the stars, above the earth, free! thrilling with joy and new sensations I had never experienced or imagined.

Still my spirit led me on, on up the frail ladder connecting my goal with the earth, far below. Now I had reached the end of my ladder and had to climb over a thin trap door and on to the slanting roof. Small handholds enabled me to reach the bottom of the flag pole and soon I was prepared to scale this as well.

The pole and surrounding roof was slippery with snow and ice. By this time my fingers were numb with

cold and it taxed my strength to the utmost to maintain my hold on the slender pole. At last I reached the top, some eight or ten feet, and let go with one hand to get my flag from my pocket. As I leaned back my poor fingers refused their office and I fell to the bottom of the pole and slipped out on the snow to within two feet of the very edge of the roof—two feet from eternity—and afraid to move for fear of lessening this short distance, I lost all control of myself and could feel my eyes start to watering, and imagined myself falling to the jagged rocks two hundred feet below. Merciful Heaven, was I to die this way! I longed and O, with such a longing, to touch the ground with my feet.

Growing desperate I reached out my right arm in the hope of catching hold of something and then—O Horror! I discovered my loss—my hands were frozen! Deprived of my arms and with only my feet to enable me to creep over the crust of ice and snow to safety, without causing the thin strip to break from the iron roof and slide with me down, down to the death! And what a death!

Nerving myself, I pushed first with one foot and then with the other. I gained an inch, two inches, eight or nine inches and began to breathe easier, but still I was afraid to breathe much for fear of defeating myself! I covered a foot and then the ice cracked and slid an inch and stopped! I made about six more inches and then the ice gave way and with one wild grasp in the air I slid to the very edge, with the lower part of my body hanging over.

There I hung with my benumbed hands lying helplessly on the sheet of ice and only the angle of my body supporting me.

The fact that my mind was utterly confused proved my salvation, for in hanging there, not knowing what to do, the cold contact of the ice brought the stiffness out of my fingers in the same way that cold water or snow will do.

With the returning of my senses the horror of my position crazed me almost to insanity and I was about to give up hope when I felt a sharp prick just above my knee and then my senses were wide awake.

I had forgotten that the edge of the roof was ornamented with large arrow heads of iron, pointing downward. I closed my eyes and groped around with my hands for the barbs of the arrows and finding these I slowly lowered myself over the edge. Here again I nearly fell when my coat caught on a barb as I let myself down. I had to draw up again and hang by one hand, using my other to get loose again. I succeeded and began to go hand over hand hanging first on one barb and then on the one of the next arrow. The least tho't of falling seemed to paralyze me and it seemed as tho' I expected some gaunt skeleton to stick its bony talons into my sides.

Fortunately I had fallen on the roof at a spot not over fifteen feet from the ladder. When I got within a yard or so of this I almost fell again in my eagerness to reach it.

How different were my emotions now from those a few moments ago as I stood so proudly above. When I reached the ladder I twined my legs around it and pressed close with my arms and cried and laughed at the same time. Finally I mastered myself enough to know I ought to get down.

I seemed a nervous wreck. I was all springs and jerks. Every time I took a step my foot would beat a tatoo until my weight pressed it down. I believe to this day that if anyone had shouted I would have fallen like

a shot. As it was I had to crawl nearly all of the way home after I finally reached the ground and lay there crying and laughing for over an hour.

V. M. ROBINSON, '12.

"Victor," the Boy

O Victor was a bonny boy
His hair a glossy jet.
His stockings were of purple soy,
That handsome, dashing Sophomore boy.

One morning in the Algebra class
He seemed to be dreaming or dozing
Although 'twas just the first of the hour
He appeared to think it was closing.

The little man Lee, was explaining a "sticker,"
And wonderly earnest he grew
While Victor's skull gred thicker and thicker
As sleepy boys' skulls are apt to do.

Soon over the back of the chair he leaned
As far as he could bend
A long and glorious stretch he enjoyed
A minute or more it seemed.

Then tripping softly to his side
Flew the small but powerful Lee
A brilliant light flashed through the room,
While Hoover seemed to be in a swoon.

Just as the critical moment came
Hoover woke up and looked very tame
For Professor Lee was reading the law
And the lad was afraid he would land in the ha'!

"Now Cora, now Fidler, now Emil, now all
Place each of the problems on the board as I
call!"
These are the words the Professor sighed,
After the laughter and chatter had died.

AMY BRINGLE, '14.

Her Choice

"Mother, I think its' outrageous!" exclaimed Helen, coming home late Thursday evening. "I just got my botany notes written and was hoping we wouldn't have any composition this week and Miss Nye spoiled it all this morning by announcing what it was to be about. I just can't write that thing and I won't!"

"Why, Helen, I never saw you act so before! Maybe I could help you write something if you would tell me the subject."

"The Choice' is to be the honored title. Exciting, isn't it?"

"I don't believe that would be hard to write about. In fact, I think it would be quite interesting. Didn't she offer any suggestions and give you any idea of what to write?"

"She said something about having someone choose between a trip, and some study or work. I wasn't paying much attention so I don't know just what it was. But I do know I can't write it, and I'm not going to try! Where's George going, mother?"

He's getting his work done so he may go to the show tonight. It's a program he's always wanted to see."

"O! mother, mayn't I go too? I can get my lesson in the morning."

"Well, Helen, I think you have a choice right here. Between a trip and study too! You might elaborate it and use your imagination so you could get your composition for Friday out of this."

"O!—thunder—mother! I don't want to write a composition. I'll write that in the morning if you'll let me go," she replied teasingly.

"You may take your choice."

"Hooray! Wait a minute George and I'll help you if you'll let me go to the show with you."

Helen went to the show with George and got part of her lessons the next morning. She forgot, however, that her composition was still unwritten.

"Helen, let's hear your story," said Miss Nye pleasantly in English class the next morning.

Helen blushed, and then a quick thot came. "I haven't written it yet," she exclaimed, "I thot it would be better if I could write it from actual experience, so I waited until later. I think I can have it in by Monday."

Miss Nye looked at her piercingly, but said nothing. When the class was dismissed she asked Helen to remain a moment.

"Now, I'm in for it, groaned Helen. Nevertheless, she managed to summon up her courage and went up to Miss Nye with an inquiring look on her face.

"I just wish to give you a suggestion, and since you wish to write from experience, you may. You may take your choice between getting zero for today's work, or handing in your composition before the close of next period. That is all."

But the next period found Helen writing her composition.

EDITH SAWIN, '15.

Yr Tin Shower

Oh have ye nae heard of the guid tin shower
Gi'en to Miss Kiefer dear?
O, may her wedded life extend
Fu' many a happy year!

I ween 'twas on a Friday,
At just one sharp, 'tis meet,
When a mighty meany of High School boys
Came slowly down the street.

First Ray LaRue with a big bass drum
Which he beat and beat full proudly;
Then the doughty Worth with a wheelbarrow,
The tinware rattling loudly.

On swept the meany to the school house door;
The great hit of the day.

"Now, by my faith," said the mighty Dean,
"I will stop them if I may."

"Permission, permission, my sovereign liege
For my score of men and me,

For my name is Worth McCarthy,
And a pupil of yours," quoth he.

"Away with thee, mischief makers!
No permission will I grant to thee,
But this evening, at three-twenty,
I will paddle thy gang and thee."

Then Worth looked over his shoulder;
To his merry boys said he,
"I have asked grace of a graceless face,
No permission for you or me."

In vain they tried to storm the door,
The great Dean interposed.
So, seizing the box, they dumped the ware
In Kiefer's window close.

As for the result of this escapade
Methinks they went scot-free,
For twenty to one is not fair play
In the realms of Christianitie.

LURA HALLECK, '14.

A Little Matter of Principle

The principal sat in his office busy with a great pile of papers scattered over the desk before him. Suddenly a knock sounded loudly. The man started nervously, pushed his books back impatiently, and growled a none-too-cordial "Come in!"

A little man with spectacles came in timidly, and stood beside the desk.

"Well?" jerked out the principal.

"I am Brown. I came to speak of my boy, James, whom you dismissed from school yesterday afternoon." His gray eyes were penetrating and he was looking squarely at the professor.

"Yes," said the latter. "He broke a rule. He was well aware of the penalty. I warned him only a week ago that if he were caught on the school grounds smoking another time, it was up with him. He did it, and he knew what he was doing. He got his punishment, which you must acknowledge he deserved."

The visitor hesitated a moment. "I know he deserved punishment, but he is sorry. I know it will never happen again. He is a good boy." He said it in a tone of entreaty.

"But if the rules are repeatedly broken, and nothing

is done to prevent it, where's the use of having rules? And how is any institution to be carried on successfully without certain laws and principles? Your son is not the only sufferer. There are others who were expelled with him. It is not so much the thing that they did—but a forbidden thing, a rule, they have broken! It is simply a matter of principle! Their punishment must serve as an example for others! I will not have smoking on the school grounds! If I should let every offender go unpunished, what would this school come to, I should like to know! There are no two ways about a thing of this sort! Principle is principle!" The principal's square jaw was set. Little Mr. Brown bowed his head for a moment.

"Do you know what this means to me?" His voice was very low.

The other's manner relaxed a little.

"Well," he said, "I hope your son will profit by this. Of course, I can't feel responsible for his misdeemeanors, I only do my duty as the principal of the High School."

The door latched gently, and the professor went back to his interrupted work.

An hour later, another visitor sat near the principal

at his desk. It was the mathematics teacher, and he was talking very earnestly.

"As I was saying, professor, I don't think there is anything bad about the boy. You know his family. His father is a fine man. Just think what it means to him!"

"I tell you, Davis, it is a matter of principle! Where is the use of making a law if it isn't enforced? Feelings can't enter into this!"

"There is the boy's side to consider, professor. See here! Suppose this boy is expelled for good, and quits right now in his second year. He is weak—that is why he broke the rule! He never will amount to anything unless he is surrounded by good influences. Why, a year or so out of school, of loafing around on the streets will ruin him! If he keeps on here with proper associates and good influences and graduates in a couple of years, he will be something! I say he will be a power in the world! You know he is a genius in some ways! Is his whole career, his whole life, to be ruined just because he was caught smoking within certain limits one day? There is more at stake than you realize!"

"If a man was found guilty of murder in this country, his repentance would not save him from the gallows. Besides, he has had his chance, and he didn't make good." His mouth was still drawn in most uncompromising lines.

The teacher of mathematics was sitting on the edge

of his chair, and his hands were clasped tightly, "What is a principle, a school law, compared with that boy's future?"

And still the professor sat and looked out of the open window. It was a lovely spring morning. The birds were singing joyously. Suddenly he wheeled around. There was a softened expression in his almost twinkling eyes now.

"Davis, I was just wanting material for an article on 'Modern High School Problems' for the 'Post' when you came in. I believe I have a little more light on the subject now. You put the boy's case pretty strongly," he said, "and I guess you win. Send him in. I'll have a little talk with him."

The door latched soundly this time, but the principal did not begin work on his papers. There was a sound of footsteps. The door opened. Before him once more, was Brown, and in striking contrast close by, stood his big, broad-shouldered son. The professor stepped forward.

"I've decided we need you on the track this spring," he said. "We can't dispense with such good material."

There was a quick light of understanding in the boy's blue eyes. And looking squarely into the principal's eyes, he said in a tone that meant a great deal: "It shall never happen again, sir!"

LOIS MEADER, '12.



The Student's Symphony

Study, study, you brilliant student,
May you be wise and likewise prudent.

As it may readily be seen,
Your mind needs cultivation,
To which there is no limitation,
'Ere it be wrought right sound and keen.

If you are shiftless, mend your ways,
And make your answers always ayes,

Always strive to do your best;
That is expected of every one,
Of every creature under the sun,
Whether in written or oral test.

And, when the final exams are due,
You will be ready for them too,

And pass them up without a fear.
If you resolve that you won't fail,
All your work will then avail,
And you'll be prepared for the coming year.

FLORENCE RYAN, '13.

With Apologies to Kipling

When you are feeling bad, cause your girl has turned
you down,
When you are feeling almost blue, and certainly very
brown,
Don't take it all to heart, and do not turn so pale,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

And when you are out walking, and chance to meet a girl
Who, when you tip your hat, her scornful lips does curl.
Don't take it all to heart, if she does not return your hail,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

And when you are out dancing, and chance to ask a dance,
And when you are refused in your friendly kind advance,
Don't take it all to heart when words your speech do fail,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

And when you go out skating, and chance to ask a skate
Because when you ask her, she says, "You came too late,"
Don't take it all to heart, when you do your fate bewail,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

And before again you ask her, take some good advice
And before you state your question be sure that you think
twice,
Don't take it all to heart, and you'll never have a wail,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

But these are only jests, don't take them all to heart,
And only little jokes about the way that trouble does
start,
Don't take them all to heart, but of their use avail,
For the female of our species is more deadly than the
male.

WILLIAM BABCOCK, '13.

A Dialogue

Virginia Blackwood and Beverly Gray were neighbor children and they were constantly together, either playing happily or quarreling spitefully. This was one of the bad days, and at eight o'clock one morning the children were peeping thru the high picket fence, making horrible faces at each other. It would have been hard for a judge to decide which would win out in the contest.

"Aw! my, but you think you're awful smart, smarty cat," Beverly opened up hostilities with this spiteful remark.

"Smarty cat yourself, smarty, smarty, had a party, nobody came but an old black ducky."

"Huh! we're going to have a real party at our house tonight, ice-cream 'nd cake 'nd candy 'nd popeorn 'nd just everything."

"Well, what uv it, you act like you'd never had a party before and my big sister says it isn't fash'n'ble to have so much to eat."

"Well, my big sister says it is 'nd she knows."

"She doesn't!"

"She does!"

"Say that again and I'll slap you."

"Oh! no you won't, just dare you to," was the taunting reply for she well knew Virginia could not reach her thru the fence.

"Anybody 'ud take a dare, 'nd steal sheep, so there."

"My big sister's got a new pink dress trimmed in blue satin 'nd lace 'nd 'broidery on it."

"Oh! you make me sick always a-boasting, besides my sister's got twenty-five new dresses, silk 'nd satin 'nd they've got real roses on them to."

"Oh, mine's got something better'n just cheap roses, she's got——"

" 'Taint cheap roses, they cost ten million billion dollars."

Beverly was properly impressed but not to be beaten. She continued "Papa's going to get me a sand pile 'nd he said I couldn't invite anybody but nice people to play in it and so he said I wasn't to invite you, 'cause you ain't nice."

Virginia wanted to play in a sand pile so badly she was silent but when Beverly had walked off saying, "I'm going to ask the Jones' kids to come and play in my sand pile," Virginia conquered her pride and said, "Oh! Beverly, let me play, please."

Beverly said sternly, "Will you take back all you said?"

"Yes."

"And your sister's things ain't nicer'n my sisters?"

"No, no, 'nd now can I play in it?"

"I s'pose so."

"Oh! goody, where is it, Beverly, come on. Won't we have fun?"

"You bet," was the emphatic reply as they ran off arm in arm.

LORENE WARREN, '14.

At Aix

Two old men, apparently members of Hayseed District, were having their usual morning conference on the bench in front of "Duke" Nichols' country store and postoffice, called Aix.

"Hello, Si."

"Mornin', Al."

"Fine oats sowing weather, ain't it?"

"Yep."

"Got your'n sowed?"

"No-p."

"About time ain't it?"

"Au, I don't know. Good weather 'nough, but I think it's a leetle bit early yit."

"Law suz! Why Al, all the rest of us have got our'n sowed long ago. The moon's just right."

"Yep, so I see. But recollect last year? You said the very same thing and I sowed mine when I thot it was time and Jeff Simons said I had a better crop 'an any-body else and I reckon he oughter know."

Now Si had such a sad habit or fault of forgetting (on purpose) his own mistakes and the other fellow's triumphs, that the whole community was aware of it. So Al was not surprised at the answer he made.

"Well, now, I don't recollect as you had such a very good piece of oats. I don't believe there was a piece of ground in Hayseed county that had a better crop than that east-forty of mine."

Al gave him a look, as much as to say, "you know you are lying."

A silence lapsed for a while and altho Si had the consolation of having the last word he was sorely discomforted.

Al turned and as he was looking down the dusty road inquired reflectively, "Say, did you see Sam Bently's son, Jim, go flyin' past in that new Chalmers auto of his'n, this morning?"

"Au, that wasn't Jim Bently at all. That was some folks that their names is Chalmers."

"Well, I guess I know Jim Bently when I see him and besides people don't put their names on flags. They put the name of their auto. Don't you recollect about them Sage's down in Rensselaer that always go flyin' around with that thing that says "Buick" wavin' after 'em?"

"Au, I don't know as I do. I recomember about that old doctor's wife, Mrs.—A—something or other, having her initials all over her'n and why not have flags?"

"Well, I just guess they don't. I'll bet that was Jim Bently's Chalmers auto."

"I'll bet it wasn't."

"What will you bet?"

"A ten-cent plug of 'Bacci."

"Let's go in the store and ask 'Duke' to tell us. He always sees all that goes on."

After explaining their question, they were both thunderstruck when "Duke," after considerable lapping

his tongue all over his chin, replied, "Them folk's name was Bowen and they came clear from that town of Chalmers down by Lafayette. You know the Chicago folks al'us come past with their Chicagi flags a flyin' and I suppose they was copyin' 'em."

Si and Al left the store unusually crestfallen, both regretting that neither won, as they lost a plug to the beloved juicy tobacco.

MARIAN PARKER, '14.

Bonny Lady Kiefer

O, ye students and ye Germans
O, where have you been?
They've ta'en our Lady Kiefer
An' we'll never see her 'gain.

Now woe be to you, School Board!
And wherefore did ye sae?
We bade you leave her with us
But her love has ta'en her away.

O, she was a bonny lady,
An' she made the 'sembly ring
With the cheery, "Bola Bola,"
An' we loved to help her sing.

O, she was a fair lady
And she danced at the ba'
And the bonny Lady Kiefer
Was our flower of them a'.

O, she was a sweet lady
An' her German ranked high,
But the bonny Lady Kiefer
Has gaed from our fair sky.

O, lang did ye look o'er Greencastle town
E'er ye found a fair lady at last
Who could pull us all through German
And rule o'er the Junior class.

An' now that she's found, we gan hope and pray,
That our German chieftess, the Gregg o'
to-day,
Won't promise to be some chieftain's lass
Until we first have given our say.

MARIAN A. PARKER, '14.

Dialogue Written in Sophomore English

"Johnnie Jones, you know I got to this swing first. Now you hike right out!"

"Well, I guess you didn't get here first. You think just because you're a girl I ought to give up to you. I guess I'm goin' to have my way sometimes. I'm seven years old, an'—"

"And ain't I seven years old, too?" screamed the little girl. "I guess I'm your twin, ain't I?"

"Yes, but I wish you wasn't, an' you ain't goin' to be in this swing, either!"

Truly, she wasn't, for he dumped her out on the ground and he himself got in and began to swing to the highest branches of the tree. Jeanne, picking herself up from the dirt, and crying lustily all the while, ran towards the house, crying, "Mama, m-a-a-m-a! Johnnie's pert near kilt me, he has." Her mother, used to her being "kilt" very often, heeded her not.

"M-a-a-m-a!" she called again, "you come here a minute, I tell you. Johnnie's pert near kilt—"

"O, you shut up, Jeanne, you know you'r fibbin,' I didn't hardly touch you.

"Goodness, children," said their mother, coming to the door, "what can be the matter now? Johnnie, what did you do to your sister?"

"Mama, he knocked me right in the dirt an'—"

"Au, I didn't either! I wish you'd quit nosing in, Jeanne Jones, you've always got somethin' to say."

"Well, I don't care," Jeanne cried, angrily, "I got in that swing first, an' you just pushed me right out, so there!"

"Well, mama, I thought of the swing before she did, an' when I come she was in it, so don't you think I had a right to put her out?"

"Of course not, Johnnie! If she was in the swing, you ought to have let her alone."

"Well, I guess she gets her way all the time, just 'cause she's a girl, I s'pose. When I get big I'll be her boss, all right."

"I think when you get big you will still be a big cry-baby, and—"

"My goodness, it was her that was squallin', not me."

"Well, I will not punish you this time, but Johnnie, you must learn that you should give up to your sister," and she turned to go into the house.

"Give up nothin'," he grumbled, and turned to find that Jeanne had again deposited her fat little self in the swing and was having an excellent time.

BEATRICE TILTON, '14.

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association

Officers

VIRGIL ROBINSON	-	-	-	-	President
EDNA BABCOCK	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
EDNA ROBINSON	.	-	-	-	Secretary
C. M. SHARP	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

“The object of this association shall be to encourage and support the highest form of pure amateur athletics in our High School.”

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

“Any person who is a student of the high school or eighth grade, members of the Faculty, or of the School

Board, may become a member of this association for one semester upon payment of the dues for that semester.”

The above, taken from the Constitution of the Rensselaer High School Athletic Association, is self explanatory. This year about one hundred students availed themselves of the opportunity to support athletics by joining the association.

H. F. PARKER.

Coach Parker, Wisconsin fullback in '92, has led the Red and Black through 51 games of football. The record that the teams have made shows his ability as coach. Out of the 51 games played, 5 were lost, 8 tied, and 38 won—a record that anyone might well be proud of. The supporters of the Red and Black cannot be too grateful to Coach Parker for the success that he has brought to our teams.



Football

Football has always been the "long suit" of R. H. S. in the way of athletics, and the teams that have been turned out have gained a wide reputation. The standard of this reputation certainly was not lowered by the squad of '11, but if anything, it was raised a few notches. Captain Hemphill called for volunteers on the opening day of school and fifteen men responded. They set to work to gain the State Championship, and this they did, as may be seen by the following summary.

The football season was opened on October 7, at Riverside Park, with Kentland as our opponents. They brought over a bunch of "Huskies," and felt quite certain of a victory. But our fellows were determined to win, and they worked hard from start to finish. Thompson received an injury on the knee on the first down, which proved to be a handicap to him the rest of the season. Although this took one of the mainstays out of the game, the boys were not discouraged, and they kept up the fight. The result was a victory of 11 to 0.

The following week was one of hard work for our fellows, for they realized that in the Oakland eleven, they had a hard team to defeat. This team had not been

scored on, and was undoubtedly one of the strongest contenders for the State Championship, for on October 28, the spectators saw the finest game of football ever played on the local gridiron. The game was full of spectacular plays. When time was called, R. H. S. had 17 counters, while Lafayette had 0.

Our third game was played the next Saturday with Hammond, a much smaller team than R. H. S. Because of their size and because of the success that we had been having in our former games, our fellows had become over-confident, and it was this that almost cost us the game. It was the poorest exhibition of football, from the Rensselaer standpoint, that was played on the gridiron all season, and it was the first and only time that we were scored on. The final count was 9 to 6 in Rensselaer's favor.

Our first and only game on foreign grounds was played at Frankfort Friday, November 10. Several of our men were not in the best of condition, and were resting up for the Sheridan game on the following Saturday. Straight football was resorted to entirely, as it was feared that some Sheridan people might be on the side

lines and "catch on" to any trick plays that were made. Besides, there was a prejudiced official doing all in his power to give Frankfort the game, as was shown by the many unjust decisions he made. Even though the final score was 0-0, we feel that on a neutral gridiron, with square officials, we could have "handed them" a very decisive defeat.

One of the hardest games on our schedule was played the following Saturday at Riverside Park, when we met Sheridan. Sheridan generally turns out one of the best teams in the state, and we had looked forward to this game from the first of the season, as the one which would



Curtis vs. Rensselaer, Thanksgiving Day, 1911.
Porter in "Y" play.



Curtis vs. Rensselaer, Thanksgiving Day, 1911.
Curtis tries end run.

probably decide our chance for the championship. As to weight, the teams were about evenly matched, but Sheridan played old style football altogether. The ball was in Rensselaer's possession most of the time. Our fellows showed great improvement over the two previous games, and carried away the laurels in a 9 to 0 score.

The season was brought to a close on November 30, when we administered a decisive defeat, 18 to 0, to Curtis High School, of Chicago, a team whose goal line had hitherto been uncrossed. They were a game bunch and hard fighters, but R. H. outplayed them in every stage of the game. It was a grand finish for one of the best teams that ever supported the old Red and Black.



Curtis vs. Rensselaer, Thanksgiving Day, 1911.
Parks kicking goal.

Some Fish

Shark—Alfred Thompson.
Gold Fish—Lucy Healy.
Minnow—Maurine Tuteur.
Sponge—Fred Hamilton.
Eel—Mars Ott.
Whale—Edson Murray.

Some Flowers

Prim Rose—Rose Keeney.
Johnnie Jump Ups—The Freshmen.
Daisies—The Sophomores.
Wall Flowers—Senior Girls waiting for dates.
Bachelors' Buttons—Charles Harris and Roy Gish.



Curtis vs. Rensselaer, Thanksgiving Day, 1911.
Miller around end.



JOHN HEMPHILL.

"Stiffy," captain and All-State right end. Could also be depended upon for halfback and tackle. Hard worker and fighter every inch of the road. Third and last year on team.

ERNEST MOORE.

"Slob," sub-captain-elect, has played two years on the squad. Right end and utility man. A wiry little player with a good head.



PAUL MILLER.

"Pelouchi," left half; sometimes played center. Strong man on defense. Favorite expression on practice grounds—"My turn." We expect to hear more of his work in the backfield next season.



LLOYD PARKS.

"Babe," the "artful dodger." Right half. Fourth year. Drop and place kicker. His toe won Hammond game. "Babe's" position will be hard to fill next year.

SIMON THOMPSON.

"Pete," our good-natured left half. Also played a good game at end. Handicapped with a bad knee, but nevertheless played a strong game. Always a fighter, and a hard hitter. Three years.



WILLIAM PRICE.

"Bill," at guard, made a name for himself his first year out. Was always at the right place at the right time. Will be one of the mainstays next year.



VIRGIL ROBINSON.

"Buck," left end and halfback. Three years. Never known to drop a forward pass. Fast, and a hard hitter. His last year on team and he will certainly be missed next year.

CHARLES PORTER.

"Chuck," the old mainstay of the backfield. Captain-elect, and one of the best fullbacks R. H. S. ever had. He handled forward passes well and was a good drop kicker. For our necessary gains "Chuck" was always called upon. Three years.



COPE HANLEY.

"Judge," "the veritable iceberg"—never known to be excited. This was his first year on the team, but the last in school, and when we lose him, we lose one of the best quarters we ever had.



FRED HAMILTON.

"Pidge" made right guard on the All-State second team. First year on team. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again," eh, "Pidge?"

JAY NOWELS.

"Nowels," "The stonewall tackle." Strong both on offense and defense. His strong point was breaking through the line and stopping the play before it got under headway. As great a tackle as R. H. S. ever had in the line. Three years.



BERT GREENLEE.

"Fat," our big center. A good worker and consistent player. It is said that he hated a red-headed tackle—how about it, Bert? First year.



WILLIAM BABCOCK.

"Scarey Bill," our midget sub. "Sarah" was too light this year, but he is game and will make good next year.

FRED PUTTS.

"Dutehy," our star left tackle. Played an excellent game for first year man. Doesn't know the meaning of the word "quit." His toe will do the punting next fall.



ROY GISIL.

"Gosh," guard. Another first year man who made good. A hard worker. Will be out next year.



C. R. DEAN, Manager of Athletics

Basketball

Dame Fortune was against the R. H. S. basketball team this year, and she started in at the first of the season to do her "dirty work." The quintet was broken up and shifted around constantly because of different members being disabled. We know that we did not have a team of the championship class, but we also know that our record would have looked much better at the end of the season if we had had just a little bit of good luck on our side.

Our first game of basketball was played January 12, when we met Brookston on our home floor. They had been playing ever since the opening of school, so R. H. S. was looking for a hard game. However, this did not prove to be the case, and we carried off the honors by 20 points. Score—30 to 10.

We won our second victory the following Friday when North Judson came down from the sand dunes of the north. They were "meat" for the home team, and only succeeded in getting 6 points, while Rensselaer's total was 38.

On February 26, our quintet journeyed to Monticello, expecting a severe beating, but nevertheless determined

to fight hard. This they did, as may be seen by the final score, 20 to 15 in favor of Monticello. Rensselaer was handicapped by having to play on a small, rough floor, and shoot at loose, shaky baskets, things which they were not accustomed to.

At Delphi one week later, we received our second defeat. The quintet which had been playing together previous to this time, was broken up by the absence of Adams, our scrappy little guard. Rensselaer put up a ragged game of basketball, and when the final count was made, it was found that Delphi had 36 points, and Rensselaer had 18.

Monticello scored their second victory on us on our home floor on February 9, in the roughest and hardest fought game of the season. Porter, one of the strongest men and the best basket shooters on the team, and Captain Robinson, our star forward, were both out of the game on account of sickness. In fact, they were out of the games the rest of the season. Adams had not yet recovered his usual form, although he was able to play half of the game. Monticello held the lead the first part of the game, but our fellows soon livened up and we

gained gradually until the end of the game. But the whistle blew a little too soon. We were two field goals behind them, the score being 24 to 20.

On February 16 we played Lafayette, one of the strongest teams in the state, on their floor. In a fast game we were overwhelmed by a 48 to 9 count.

We got a rest on the 23rd, Crown Point having cancelled their game with us. From the looks of the score on the following Friday night, that rest must have done us good. We played our return game with Lafayette, and although we did not win, we put up a much better

game than we did before. Rensselaer made a field goal in the first minute of play, and the time from then on was full of excitement. We finally had to acknowledge defeat, but only by 1 point this time, the score being 22 to 21.

On March 6 St. Joseph's College played us on our floor. In a fast and hard fought game, Rensselaer lost, 31 to 13.

We played the return game in the College gymnasium, March 8, and again met defeat, this time 13 to 3. This game closed the season.

Famous Stars and Parts They Play

Cope Hanley—"The Reason" in "Why Girls Leave Home."

Roy Gish—Title role in "The Country Boy."

Fred Hamilton—Starring in "The Easiest Way."

Florence Ryan—Leading lady in "Bright Eyes."

Ethel Davis—Starring in "The Flirting Princess."

Nell Sawin—Leading lady in "The Fair Co-ed."

Rose Keeney—Title role in "The Slim Princess."

John Moore and Gaylord Long—"The Lion and The Mouse."

Mr. Dean—Leading man in "The Test."

Mars Ott and Vilas Jacks—"Mutt and Jeff."



VIRGIL ROBINSON.

"Buck," captain and forward, finished his High School basketball career this year. Had to quit the game in the middle of the season on account of sickness. Two years.

THOMAS PADGITT.

Padgitt, forward and guard, has been on the team for two years. Not very big, but a scrappy player.



PAUL MILLER.

"Pelouchi," at forward, has played two years with the team. "Eyes," both his own and those of the ladies on the sidelines, were his weak point.



SIMON THOMPSON.

"Pete" played a fighting game from start to finish. His chief amusement was dribbling the ball the full length of the floor. Good both at throwing and making fouls. First year.

FRED HAMILTON.

"Pidge" played forward the first part of the year, but took "Chuck's" position at center when he quit. First year on team.



CHARLES PORTER.

"Chuck," our star center, has played three years. Best basket shooter on the team, and his work was greatly missed when sickness took him from the game the first of the season.



WILLIAM EIGELSBACH.

"Bill" was a little light this year to play in the regular games, but he will undoubtedly make good next year.

ALBERT SAGE.

Sage has played two years at guard and is "some man" at his position. His floor work could not be beaten. Has another year to play.



LEE ADAMS.

Adams played a fine game at guard for a first year man. He was smaller than most of his opponents, but was always able to hold his own.

Manual Training

At the end of another year's successful work in Manual Training, we are more than ever convinced of its value in the school curriculum. From the time the child of six enters school he is taught to use his hands in many kinds of construction work, so that by the time he enters the sixth grade he is ready to handle tools of a more complex character than before. Shop work and sewing may be said technically to begin in the sixth grade and at present to continue through the ninth grade. The plan of work in both is to do something useful at every stroke of the hammer or at each stitch of the needle. As a result, the boys have taken to their homes many pieces of furniture, ranging in complexity from a simple coaster sled to clothes hampers and library tables, while the girls have articles to show their work from the simple plain seam to fancy bits of apparel, made from patterns drafted by themselves. A new sewing

machine has been added to their equipment with most gratifying results. Mr. Hopkins continues in charge of the boys' work. In the high school Miss Thompson, assisted by Ruth Harper, has had charge of the girls' work. In both departments results speak plainly of the value of the instruction given.

In the new building, which is now under construction, ample provision has been made for rooms and equipment, and it is fully expected to open these courses to every member of the high school and grades. Room has also been provided for a course in domestic science, and it is hoped, that in the coming year means will be found for beginning it. Then, in truth, with all these other desirable things added to our possibilities, it can be said that the Rensselaer schools are up with the times and are doing their share in making these times better.

I. N. WARREN.

Music - Art - Dramatics

Music

Music, though perhaps the first of the Arts through which men sought to express emotion, has been the last to find a place in the school curriculum.

Much has been written on unmusical America, and how it can be made more musical, and those with a deep and clear vision have said that only through the Public schools can this be accomplished.

One of the purposes of Music in the Public Schools should be to create a musical community as a contribution to a musical nation, and this result can be brought about only when the efforts to develop Music in the schools are conserved and bear fruit outside, both during the school life of the student and after he has left school.

Let us teach the coming generation to sing and appreciate good music which will tend toward the development of purer lives, happier homes, a higher and nobler

citizenship, high ideals and a broad sympathy for all mankind.

Music confers mental, moral, and physical benefits upon its students, it is in its very nature an inspiration for higher and better things; chorus singing gives the inspiration as nothing else can do.

Students entering the High School may become members of the Preparatory Chorus, and after having completed one year's work, are eligible to join the Advanced Chorus, taking up more difficult problems and giving more attention to musical interpretation and tone color.

Another milestone! Day by day
We trudge along
A word of cheer, a scrap of song
Will do the pilgrimage no wrong
But will help to light the way.



BOYS' QUARTETTE—Left to right: Cope Hanley, Paul Miller, Ray LaRue, Thomas Padgett.



GIRLS' QUARTETTE—Left to right: Maurine Tuteur, Esther Padgitt, Marjorie Loughridge, Gladys Pierce

Art

Not Art for Art's sake
But Art for the sake of beauty in everything.

The erection of a safe, permanent and beautiful building is possible only under certain definite conditions.

The building is first a vision in the mind of the architect and the designer. The ideal stands in all its strength and beauty, the spiritual prototype of the material structure which is to be. Definite plans and specifications are worked out and transferred to paper for the use of the builder, the materials for the building are selected and assembled. Skilled workmen construct the building under the direction of the supervising architect. Without a comprehensive and feasible plan, confusion and failure is certain. Without a definite aim no undertaking can succeed.

Art in the High School is divided into two classes, Free Hand, and Mechanical Drawing.

To the students in the Freehand division, work has been given in Perspective, Still Life or Object Drawing, Flower Analysis, Constructive and Decorative Design embracing Rythm, Balance and Harmony; Landscapes in Values, black and white, and color, also some work in pen and ink.

In the Mechanical division work has been given in perspective, Geometrical Problems, Development of Surfaces, Working Drawings, some Architectural Drawing, Historic Ornament and Decoration, Egyptian, Greek and Roman.

Some of the advanced students have constructed and designed a Sundial, which was not only instructive, but also of practical use.

HARRIET NUTHALL.

Dramatics

Senior Class Play "In Chancery"

Cast

Captain McCafferty (proprietor Railway Hotel Steepleton)	John Hemphill
Dr. Titus (his medical attendant)	Alfred Thompson
Montague Joliffe	Edward Parkison
Mr. Hinxman	Joe Reeves
John (Mrs. Smith's servant)	Cope Hanley
Mr. Buzzard (a butcher)	Virgil Robinson

Mr. Gauge (a draper)	John Groom
Mrs. Smith	Ethel Davis
Mrs. Jackson	Esther Padgitt
Patricia McCafferty	Maurine Tuteur
Amelia Anne Buzzard	Gladys Pierce
Walker (Mrs. Smith's servant)	Rose Keeney
Kittles (Mrs. Jackson's maid)	Lois Meader

The Senior class play, "In Chancery," was given to an appreciative audience on the evening of May twenty-first. The entire cast is deserving of special mention for each member interpreted his lines creditably.

"In Chancery" is a three-act comedy. The principal action occurs at Steepleton, a village in rural England. Here Joliffe, the leading man, finds himself stranded and indebted and McCafferty, a blustering Irish landlord, who has cared for him since his injury in a railway accident some six weeks before. Joliffe is suffering a total loss of memory as a result of his injury. To add to his

discomfort, Patricia, the landlord's daughter, falls in love with him and their marriage is arranged by the dotting father. In the meantime the unfortunate bridegroom finds that a price is on his head. His only confidant, Dr. Titus, advises him to let matters take their own course. This advice is followed until the wedding day arrives. A short time before the ceremony is to be performed, Mrs. Smith, her maid, Walker, and her servant, John, come to the hotel to wait between trains. It is then discovered through the detective, Hinxman, that Joliffe is wanted for marrying a ward in Chancery and that Mrs. Smith is



SCENE FROM "IN CHANCERY"

really Mrs. Joliffe. Joliffe succeeds in eluding McCafferty and his friends and follows Mrs. Smith to a lodging house in Brighton-on-Thames. There his memory returns and he discovers that his name is not Joliffe at all, but Jackson, and that Mrs. Smith's servant John is the real Joliffe. His own wife, Mrs. Jackson, appears and demands an explanation. Before satisfactory explanations can be made, McCafferty, Patricia and Dr. Titus arrive and all mystery is cleared. Patricia transfers her affections to Dr. Titus, who reciprocates, the court withdraws its objections to Mr. Joliffe, and Mrs. Jackson

is finally convinced that her husband is guiltless of any intentional wrong.

The play was under the direction of Miss Perkins, who was assisted by Miss Barnett and Miss Gregg. Three weeks were spent in careful preparation. A spirit of enthusiasm pervaded the cast from the first and each seemed determined to do justice to his part however small it might be. Florence Allman furnished music during several scenes and an especially delightful feature of the evening was the Class Song in which all took part.

"The Private Secretary"

CHAOS needed money, so the Staff decided to give a play, the jolliest play that could be found. The Faculty selected "The Private Secretary," and chose the cast. Miss Dudley and Miss Perkins were appointed to do the coaching. All went well until the final rehearsal, which passed off so smoothly that some of the cast were worried. The spell was broken, however, by a quickly improvised theatre row in which everyone struck for more pay. As to the presentation, it is hard to say who enjoyed it more, the audience or the cast. It is certain that everyone laughed. It was a decided financial success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Marsland.....	John Hemphill
Harry Marsland (his nephew).....	Ed Robinson
Mr. Cattermole.....	Paul Miller

Douglas Cattermole (his nephew).....	Cope Hanley
Rev. Robert Spalding.....	Ed Parkison
Mr. Sydney Gibson.....	Edson Murray
John (a servant).....	John Groom
Knox (a writ-server).....	Thomas Padgitt
Edith Marsland.....	Ethel Grant
Eva Webster (her friend).....	Ethel Davis
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' Landlady).....	Minnie Kessinger
Miss Ashford.....	Marjorie Loughridge

SCENES.

ACT. I. Douglas Cattermole's Apartments.
 Boy Quartette, "Mammy's Hush-a-bye."

ACT. II. Mr. Marsland's Country Seat.
 Girl's Quartette, "Rockin' Time."

ACT III. Mr. Marsland's Country Seat.



SCENE FROM "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"



SCENE FROM "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

High School Prophecy

It doesn't seem possible, Cora, I say,
That thirty years have gone by to the day,
Since you and I both followed the rule,
Mr. Dean laid down at the old High School.
But today as I was walking down the street,
At the post office corner whom should I meet
But Virgil Robinson with a smile so wide,
Ethel Davis had just been made his bride.
As we were talking I casually asked
Who was the preacher that performed the task,
I was that surprised I'd a notion to run
When he told me 'twas E. P. Honan's son.
O yes, as I stepped off the train this morn
I was confronted by a party with drum and horn,
Ahead marched Clark and I do declare
He looked like a prize colt at a county fair,
He was bedecked with ribbons till he looked like a
dream,
He's the captain of a famous baseball team.

And on a neat little farm Lee Adams 's settled down
To raise prize pigs and send them to town,
And our bright-eyed Simon has won the race
He's just been elected to Critser's place.
I am told that in Paris in a studio fine
Edwin Robinson sits and paints divine
Pictures of dukes and royalty grand
Who come to him from every land.
I see by The Republican items here,
That Marjorie Loughridge will appear
At the Ellis opera house tonight,
In a play entitled, "The Flying Kite."
Well, times have changed but I'm glad to say
That all seem happy going their way.
How odd it seems to me, Cora, that you
Are the one old maid of all that crew
Of the many girls who followed the rule
Mr. Dean laid down at our old high school.

PAUL MILLER, '14.

R. H. S. Romance

The laughing stock of R. H. S.
Is furnished by the Freshman and Sophomore class.
Altho' the girl is rather shy
Upon the hallway she does rely.
He waits for her daily by the door
'Tis here they tell their love o'er and o'er.
But on the street she is very shy
For fear her father is passing nigh.

Her mother too, watches from morn 'til night,
For fear the young couple might take flight.
Their initials are I. Z. and E. G.,
They suit each other to a "T."
She sighed and sighed 'til leap year came,
Then she asked him to change her name,
He took her up, oh, what a fool
A result of their going to Rensselaer High School.



LATIN ROOM



ASSEMBLY ROOM

What is in a Name?

Used for lifting—Jacks.
 Tough as hickory—A mule (Emil).
 Beautiful to behold—Rose.
 Something needed everywhere—Charity.
 The first man—Adam (s).
 What most people would like to do—Mar(r)y.
 What fire does—Burns.
 Difficult to translate—Virgil.
 Seldom seen—Wiseman.
 Joseph and Mary—Joe R. and Mary.

What a farmer always wants—Moore.
 Still grinding away—Miller.—
 What teachers sometimes do—Faylor.
 Good for cooking—Sage.
 A waiter in Germany—Kellner.
 The wise prophet—Simon.
 Popular hats—Beaver.
 What few people are—Sharp.
 One kind of tree—Elder.
 A hopeless case—Luella and Bill.

The Visitor

There's a visitor in the Assembly
Who's there 'most every day;
He arouses much excitement,
Yet nothing does he say.
The pupils watch him closely,
Note his every move and turn,
He's a real important visitor
And causes much concern.

He attracts so much attention
Especially from the girls,
That he really is the envy
Of all the village churls.
Would you like to be acquainted
With the visitor of the house?
Then let me introduce you
To this harmless little mouse.

MINNIE KESSINGER, '14.



PHYSICS LAB.



BIOLOGICAL LAB.

The Weekly Occurrence

Every Wednesday morning
 Do we gather in room six
 And listen to the lecture,
 In which they try to fix
 A high ideal of standard
 In our overerowed mind:
 That they make a complete failure
 Each successive lecturer finds.
 First we listen to a flattering
 About our good attention,

Followed by a homily
 Of great critical invention,
 In which our many failures,
 Much above the normal size,
 Are all summed up before us,
 Yea, before our very eyes.
 Perhaps we should be grateful,
 And I really think we are,
 Especially when the speaker
 Takes an extra half an hour.

RUTH PRUETT, '13.

DAILY
CALENDAR
CUTS
AND
GRINDS



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September

- 4—School opens.
- 5—Mary Childers makes first visit to Physics Laboratory.
- 6— A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill
He bored away for half a day
And finally broke his bill.
- 7—Ruth Parkison gets holey results from hydrochloric acid.
- 8—Miss Dudley in English—"Will Price, what was the purpose of Isaac of York in going to the Preceptory of Templestowe?"
Will Price—hastily—"So as he could ride on a mule."
- 11—Miss Barnett in Latin—"What is an English word derived from *celer*?"
Marie Hamilton—"Celery."
- 12—Mr. Sharp in Chemistry—"Have you any factories in this town?"
Pupil—hesitating—"Yes, new match factory."
Mr. Sharp—"Well, I am going to try to make some matches in Chemistry." (Wonder who will be the lucky ones?)
- 13—In Freshman English studying Homer's *Odyssey*.
Miss Dudley—"Now, Robert, where is *Odysseus* today?"
Robert Platt—"In his gr—grave, mam."
- 14—Ruth Parkison and Cope Hanley walk to school together.
- 15—Ray Fidler often gets his expressions mixed. When describing a tramp in the Freshman English class he says, "The tramp didn't have any pants to hold up his suspenders."
- 18—When one of the girls in chemistry class complains of cold hands. Mr. Sharp informs her that he might remedy it, but his position will not allow it.
- 19—When talking of Pythagoras who lectured from behind a curtain, Mr. Dean asks, "What kind of lecture did Pythagoras give?"
George Healey—aside—"Curtain lectures."
- 20—Virgil Robinson distinguishes himself as a courtier in King James' (Davis) Court.
- 21—Mary Childers is seen on way to Laboratory.
- 22—Nell Sawin entertains Senior English class with one of her acrobatic stunts.
- 25—In Freshman Sewing Miss Thompson—"Yes, Mabel, my sister made this ring and also this chain."
Mabel Stocksick—"Well, what kind of a girl is she anyway?"
- 26—In Senior English studying Emerson's "*Brahma*."
Miss Dudley—"What do you suppose the "*Sacred Seven*" has reference to?"
Edward Parkison—"I think it refers to the Seven Muses."
- 27—Mr. Warren gives Fred Hamilton the chance to play the gallant by lowering the window for Ruth Parkison.
- 28—Mr. Warren in History—"What inventions were made during the 15th century?"
John Groom—"The compass and the invention that the world was round."



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Rensselaer, Indiana



October

- 2—Victor Hoover in Sophomore History class: "They came over to settlize the island."
Mr. Dean—"I expect you had better settlize down to work, Victor."
- 3—Miss Pierce becoming excited stands up in Chemistry and is ordered by Mr. Sharp to get cool, and be seated.
- 4— Nelle Sawin pours a chemical
Into her little white crock
And the stench of the SO₂
Gives Professor Sharp a shock
He traces her to the sink
In horror and dismay
He fills the crock with water
And pushes it far away.
- 5—Seniors decide to publish annual.
- 7—Football game. Kentland vs. Rensselaer. Score 11-0, in our favor.
- 10—Edwin Robinson—"What are you looking so grouchy about, Pete?"
Pete Thompson—"Oh, nothing but work, work from morn 'til night."
Edwin Robinson—"How long have we been doing this?"
Pete Thompson—"Begin tomorrow."
- 11—Seniors elect annual staff.
- 12—Ione Zimmerman and Ernest Garriott talk together in the hall today.
- 13—Report cards for first six weeks given out.
- 14—Sheldon gets "cold feet" and cancels football game.
- 16—Edna Babcock disgraces the school by trying to hold the Mt. Ayr professor's hand during English recitation.
- 17— Lives of actors all remind us
We may sometime be the rage
And departing leave behind us,
Fruit and eggs upon the stage.
- 18—Rev. Parrett lectures to High School.
- 19—Seniors invest in class rings.
- 20—Howard Clark—"Mary Childers just looked in her book."
Miss Thompson—"Well, I have a good idea of those who look in their books and cheat."
Howard—"Why, I haven't looked in my book this year."
Miss Thompson—"Well, I certainly believe you."
- 24—Ruth Parkison got an excuse to study at the Library the seventh and eighth periods today.
- 25—Rev. Green of the Baptist church lectured to the students today on "Ideals."
- 27—Freshman class party is held at the home of Gertrude Kannal. The usual crowd was on the outside and several of the "Freshies" are minus a part of their hair.
- 28—West Lafayette meets defeat in football game. Score 17-0.
- 30—Rev. B. D. Johnson talks to High School on "Civic Reform."
- 31—Senior and Junior girls disgrace school by indulging in boisterous Hallowe'en pranks.

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Lafayette, Indiana

November

- 2—Miss Dudley—"What are the advantages of a cold climate over a warm one?"
John Groom—"They have longer nights and one can sleep longer."
- 3—Teachee, teachee,
All day teachee,
Night correctee papers,
Nerves all creepy,
Nobody kissee,
Nobody huggee
Poor old maidee,
Nobody lovee.
- 4—Hammond game, 6-9 in our favor.
- 6—Rev. W. P. Lewis, field agent for the McKinney Polytechnic school for colored boys and girls, speaks to the school about the industrial education of the negroes.
- 7—Sophomore class party is held at the home of George Healey. President takes a poker to defend(?) the class.
- 8—Will Price in English—"And my tongue clove to my plate." (palate.) Did Will have reference to the plate on which the refreshments were served the night before?"
- 9 and 10—Vacation. Teachers visit schools.
- 10—Frankfort game. Score 0-0.
- 13—New schedule goes into effect. School dismissed at 3:20.
- 14—Miss Pierce breaks a test-tube.
- 15—Prof. Warren in Senior History class asks when the Battle of Trenton was fought.
Charles Harris—"July."
Prof. Warren—"Yes, the book says the soldiers were blinded by the flying snow."
- 16—Rev. Winn lectures to the High School.
- 17—Vacation in afternoon.
- 18—"We" won from Sheridan, 9-0.
- 20—Plastering falls from Biology Laboratory with a deafening crash, striking Floyd Schwanke on the head and leaving him dazed for a moment. Mr. Lee comes dancing up to Chemistry Laboratory and inquires what they are doing up there.
- 21—Miss Dudley in Senior class—"John, what is the subject matter of the corn song?"
John Shesler—"Corn."
- 22—Ida Faye Smith reads to school.
- 23—Nell Sawin in History class—"The British retreated eighty miles in three hours." What is the need of the modern airship?
- 24—Report cards given out.
- 27—Mr. Lee in Zoology class to Freshman climbing out of the window, "Here is the door."
Freshman—"I haven't time, I lost my bug."
- 28—High School girls attend shower given for Miss Kiefer. All spend the day yawning and snatching "cat-naps" during the dry parts of recitations.
- 29—Tin shower on Miss Kiefer given by the boys. The girls are not permitted to see the many beautiful(?) and useful gifts, on account of Prof. Dean, who could appreciate how embarrassing such occasions were.
- 30 and 31—Thanksgiving vacation.
Curtis High game. We won, 18-0.

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December

- 4—Miss Gregg arrives to take up her school work.
- 5—Parker held the pictures of the Senior class.
O horrible visu!
“Well, I suppose these will have to pass.”
O miserable dictu!
“Now my art on these I’ll just try.”
“Why, mirabile vietu?” all did cry.
- 6—Prof. Warren gives interesting talk about his commencement twenty years ago.
- 7—Junior Algebra class. Miss Thompson—“Can anyone tell me why Jay Nowels isn’t here?”
John Shesler—“He’s absent.”
- 10—Prof. Miller, President of Hanover College, talks to High School about the “Necessity of an Education.”
- 11—Mary Childers has urgent business with Ethel Davis in the Senior room.
- 12—Dr. Frederick A. Cook talks to the school about his exploration at the north pole.
- 13—Mr. Williams, Secretary of the School Board, addresses student body.
- 14—Literary societies organized. Paul Miller at school meeting—“Well I have been through the mill, and I know how it is to make a speech, etc.”
We all notice he came out a Miller.
Paul Worland—“Mr. Chairman, I nominate Worth Mc—”
- 15—Athletic meetings held. Boys’ and Girls’ Leagues are organized.
- 18—One day in Physics recitation Bill Babcock was asked a simple question,
He turned and twisted in his chair,
Put up his hand and stroked his hair.
He tried to look wise, but did not succeed,
And Mr. Sharp told him to sneeze and then proceed.
- 19—Mr. Mose Leopold gives an interesting talk to the High School. He, also, gives an interesting talk about the Constitution.
- 20—Miss Dudley in Freshman English—“What lesson is taught in Silas Marner?”
Archie Lee—“Don’t live an old bachelor all your life, is all I get out of it.”
- 21—Prof. Warren in Senior History—“Fred, when is election day?”
Fred Hamilton—“Either in February or March, I don’t know which.”
- 22—Christmas vacation.

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THE NEWS WHEN IT IS NEWS

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January

- 2—Mark Twain and Charity Pierce together make a good humorist.
- 3—The old desk has been removed from the office so Prof. Dean can accommodate more students. Mr. and Mrs. Dean entertain football boys at a turkey dinner.
- 4 Simon Thompson returns home for a short parole from Michigan City. Some think he will return during spring vacation.
- 5—All late students are required to spend thirty minutes in the Chemistry Laboratory. Wonder why so many girls are late?
- 8—Students are busy reviewing for semester exams.
- 9—Mr. Sharp in Chemistry—"What is the test for oxygen?"
Jennie Comer—"Put a stick of wood in a pint jar and see if it will burn."
- 10—Senator Halleck talks to school.
- 11 and 12—Semester exams. "Nuf" said.
- 12—We give Brookston a bitter dose in basketball game. Score 30-10.
- 12—James Warner attempts to kill himself by swallowing a nail. He no doubt preferred suicide to taking the German exam.
- 15—Chemistry Laboratory fee is now adjusted and most of the Seniors are broke.
- 16—Report cards are given out.
- 17—The Literary Societies hold their first meeting at M. E. church.
- 18—Miss Dudley—"Ralph, read beginning with, 'No, Mont Fitchet'." (Pronounced Fishet.)
Ralph Lakin—"No Mont, Fish, Fish, Fish"
Miss Dudley—"Fish are all right, but we only need one here."
- 19—"We" win from North Judson, 38-7.
- 22—Mr. Sharp—"What are the physical properties of bromine?"
Gladys Pierce—"It has a greenish, yellowish, brown color."
- 23—Mary Childers visits Physics Laboratory.
- 24—Mr. Kirtz, the evangelistic singer, entertained the school.
- 25— There was a young student named John,
Of whom all of the girlies were fond.
His credits were few,
For it was little he knew.
O, it was a very strange case about John.
- 26—Basketball boys all come to school "fixed up" in order to "cut a figure" at Monticello. They do. Score 20-15 in Monticello's favor.
Mrs. Dean presides in Chemistry during Mr. Sharp's absence.
- 29—Seniors take first Arithmetic exam and all fail.
- 30—Girls didn't practice basketball tonight. Ask George Healey why.
- 31—Mr. Sharp explains to the Chemistry class that all things with opposite charges have great affinity for others.
(Blushes.)
"Of course," he says, "I know you understand the meaning of that word."
Hon. E. P. Honan addresses student body.

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February

- 1—Seniors hold class meeting and decide on the date for the Senior Reception.
- 2—Students prepare for six weeks more of cold weather. "We" lose to Delphi, 36-18.
- 5—Seniors hand in theme subjects for inspection.
- 6—Fred Hamilton—"Would you like to go to the basketball game Friday night?"
Gladys Pierce—"Oh yes, thank you. That is awfully nice of you."
Fred Hamilton—hurriedly—"Well, buy a ticket, they are only fifteen cents."
CHAOS Staff meets with the School Board to discuss the publication of the annual.
- 7—Lincoln Literary Society gives a Lincoln Program at the Christian Church.
Mr. Adams, of Des Moines, Iowa, gives an interesting talk to the school about "Music."
- 8—Simon Thompson is carrying advanced (?) work in Algebra after school.
- 9—Monticello defeats "us," 24-20.
- 12—Edward Honan enters school, meets Madge Winn. "Nuf" said.
- 13—Gladys Pierce loses her rubber.
- 14—Mr. Hamilton talks to school. Alfred Thompson is requested to remove the big, black dog from the Assembly, after Mr. Dean introduced the speaker of the morning.
The Senior Reception to the Juniors is held at Alfred Thompson's.
Miss Gregg is seen strolling a mile east of town. Some think she is searching for Cupid.
- 15—Gladys Pierce finds her rubber in the sink upstairs.
- 16—Lafayette game, 39-8 in "their" favor.
Mrs. Dean presides in Chemistry.
- 19— There was a young lady from Surrey,
After whom George Healey did scurry,
Notes were exchanged
Dates were arranged,
And Pidge was left out in a hurry.
- 20—Cope Hanley and Ruth Parkison walk to school together today.
Mr. Brady talks to school.
- 21—Terrible blizzard. Attendance small.
- 22—A holiday that is not a holiday.
- 23—Webster Literary Society gives a Washington program at Presbyterian Church.
Simon Thompson and John Groom have a debate.
Report cards given out.
- 24—Some of the Seniors try teachers' exam.
- 26—A Senior girl, not satisfied with plain English "cuss" words rends the air with blasphemy in German.
- 27—Staff and Seniors begin to have their pictures taken for CHAOS.
- 28— John Hemphill receives a terrible burn,
When on his hand he pours
Some what he thinks is H_2O ,
But it is H_2SO_4 .
- 29—Mr. Sharp warns Chemistry students to be more careful with their test-tubes as the factory is running short of glass, and the School Board short of funds.

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CALENDAR.

Thirty-Ninth Year opened September 17, 1911.

Second Term, December 12, 1911.

Third Term, March 5, 1912.

Fourth Term will open May 28, 1912.

Mid-Spring Term, April 2, 1912.

Mid-Summer Term, June 25, 1912.

Fortieth Year will open September 17, 1912.

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March

- 1—Lafayette defeats us again, 22-21.
- 4—Miss Thompson in Geometry class—"William turn around! How can I teach you anything through the back of your head?"
Charles Porter—"For my part, I don't see as it makes much difference."
- 5—Rev. Hume, of Springfield, Ohio, talks to school.
- 6—Mary Childers visits Physics Laboratory.
- 7—Sophomore class—Mary Gowland explaining the origin of two Spartan kings, "There was once a king who had two sons, and they grew up, and were both queens."
- 8— There was a young Chemistry bluff,
Who mixed up some dangerous stuff,
Dropped a match in the vial—
And after a while,
They picked up a tooth and a cuff.—Ex.
- 11—Miss Gregg—"Mars, why are you sitting away back there? I thought you had been sitting up in that front seat."
Mars Ott—"I didn't have room for my feet up there." (Miss Gregg thinks Mars can safely be counted among the honest boys of the school.)
- 12—Josie Dexter thinks the walk across the street to the recitation room ought to stimulate the mental powers of the Cicero class. Strange to say, Miss Barnett hasn't noticed any such results.
- 13—In Junior English. Miss Dudley—"Well, maybe some of you girls know about that. Ernest how about you?"
Ernest Moore—bashfully—"I don't know."
- 14—Esther Padgitt in History class—"Oglethorpe entered the army when he was early."
- 18—Seniors and Eighth grade attend Republican Nominating Convention at the Opera House.
- 19—Chemistry students have Congo Red Dye experiment and the floor looks like the Bunker Hill battlefield.
- 20—Webster and Lincoln Societies hold a joint mock Republican Convention to nominate the President. Taft is nominated by a majority of 80-64.
- 21—Rev. Harper talks to the school.
- 22—Mr. Lee—"What discovery was made with the compound microscope?"
Harry English—"The circulation of the caterpillar. (Capillaries.)"
- 25—Ione Zimmerman and Ernest Garriott converse together.
- 26—When Mr. Sharp calls Gladys "Miss Reeve," she answers in an excited manner, "Lead is slightly heavier than air."
- 27—Mr. Warren—"What are torpedo boats?"
Alfred Thompson—"Boats that shoot torpedoes."
- 28—The High School presents "The Private Secretary."
- 29—Snows today. Neva Garriott wears spring hat.
Spring vacation.



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CENTURY BUILDING

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April

- 8—We reassemble.
- 9—Mary Childers visits Physics Laboratory.
- 10—Rev. Putman of the Christian Church addresses student body.
- 11—Sophomore flag floats "on high."
- 12—Literary Societies have their pictures taken.
- 15—Victor Hoover—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Emily Thompson—"I am going home, sir," she said.
Vic—"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
Emily—"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.
N. B. He didn't go.
- 16—Seniors have class meeting to decide on the class play.
- 17—Mr. George Healey talks to the school.
- 18—Virgil Robinson and John Hemphill try an experiment for three successive days without results.
They then attempt to burn the Laboratory.
- 19—Sing a song of High School,
A pocket full of exams,
Four and twenty ball games
Rooted by the fans.
When the games are over,
They have a week of rest.
Then work to fill old "CHAOS"
With many a joke and jest.
Report cards given out.
- 22—John Shesler picks up paper off of Senior floor.
- 23—Miss Thompson—"Is Paul Miller ill?"
Ray LaRue—"No, he's sick."
- 24—Captain Morris of the Salvation Army talks school about the organization and work of Army.
- 25—Mary Childers visits Physics Laboratory.
- 29—There was a young student named Bill,
Who carried on fit to kill.
But when he met Luella,
He became a good fella.
Now a love-sick boy,
They think he's ill.
- 31—Cope Hanley and Ruth Parkison walk to school together today.

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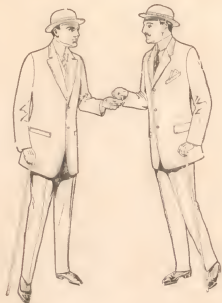
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May

- 1—The Literary Societies have a debate between the two Societies at the Christian Church.
- 2—Mr. Sharp in Chemistry—"What is a nickel made of?"
Maurine Tuteur—"Money."
- 3—In Junior Geometry class. Miss Thompson—having a sudden streak of strictness—"Hereafter everyone must stand when reciting. Anna Stocksiek, stand up and explain that theorem."
Anna Stocksiek—grouchy—"Oh, I just hate to."
Miss Thompson—"Stand up, and go to the board, and point it out with this yardstick."
Anna Stocksiek—"Oh, I suppose I might as well, I feel just like a stork anyhow."
- 6—Mary Childers visits Physics Laboratory.
- 7—Mr. Warren in writing High School on the "Record of Grades" spells school, scholl.
- 8—Mr. Sharp in Chemistry—"When iron is tempered is it cooled suddenly or quickly?"
- 9—Miss Dudley in English, studying "Paradise Lost"—
"How did Satan get out of Paradise?"
Gerald Hollingsworth—"Through the exit."
- 10—Miss Thompson putting a cube together.
Paul Miller—"Miss Thompson, if you fix it this way wouldn't it make a four-sided triangle?"
- 12—Baccalaureate.
Address by Rev. Hume, of Springfield, Ohio.
- 13—
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And by asking foolish questions
Take up all the history time.
- 14—Ruth Parkison and Cope Hanley walk to school together.
- 15—The Lincoln and Webster Literary Societies give a musical program.
- 16—Mr. Sharp in Chemistry—"What is carbon monoxide used for?"
Hazel Webber—"For fire distinguishers."
- 17—Ione Zimmerman and Ernest Garriott are still talking.
- 20—Exams.
- 21—Class Play.
- 22—Commencement Day.
Address by Rev. Davis, of South Bend, Indiana.
- 23—Junior Reception.
- 24—Alumni Banquet.

FINIS.



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